

CHRISTIAN *Herald*

MAY • 1946

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Concerning C. S. LEWIS and The Great Divorce

C. S. Lewis's new book is called **THE GREAT DIVORCE** (\$1.50). In it Mr. Lewis returns to the rich vein of satire which so many readers enjoyed in **THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS**. *The Great Divorce* is the story of a bus trip from Hell to the borders of Heaven, and includes a number of revealing conversations between Ghosts of the damned and Spirits of the blessed. Behind the satire, you will hear the author's protest against the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, which is so frequently attempted. He proclaims the inevitable divorce—in sparkling dialogue combined with earnest belief—a combination which makes Mr. Lewis beloved of literary and religious readers alike. Those who meet C. S. Lewis for the first time in **THE GREAT DIVORCE** will want to go back and read the other books which have gained him his unique reputation. They include the well-known **SCREWTAPE LETTERS** (\$1.50), a series of scintillating letters from an important official in Hell to a junior devil on earth. This book established Lewis as a master of satire. Then he turned to the genre of interplanetary fantasy à la H. G. Wells, adding an element of allegory which lifts his novels to a new plane. **OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET** (\$2.00) tells of a strange trip to Malacandra (Mars), and **PERELANDRA** (\$2.00) transports the reader to Venus, a new Garden of Eden, where beasts are friendly and beauty unashamed. Dr. Ransom, the hero of these two novels, will reappear shortly in the third of the trilogy, **THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH** (to be published by Macmillan in May). The other four C. S. Lewis books are straightforward discussions of various aspects of religion. Although they are brief and direct, they too display Lewis's gift for writing wittily and well, no matter what form he chooses. **CHRISTIAN BEHAVIOUR** (\$1.00) deals with social, sexual, and religious morality. **THE PROBLEM OF PAIN** (\$1.50) is an invigorating treatment of the "why" behind mental and physical suffering. In **THE CASE FOR CHRISTIANITY** (\$1.00), Mr. Lewis sets forth the reasons why an honest mind can accept Christianity as true. And in **BEYOND PERSONALITY** (\$1.00), he discusses theology, the "science of God."

— MACMILLAN

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CONTENTS

COVER—Mother and Child	Colorphoto by Richard C. Miller, from Guillumette
FRONTISPICE	Photo by Charles Phelps Cushing 2
DR. POLING ANSWERS	4
NEWS DIGEST	Gabriel Courier 7
EDITORIAL	Daniel A. Poling 12
STREET-CORNER SALVATION	Dale Carnegie 13
CONSIDER THE SPIDER	Thomas West 15
THE CHURCH UPSTAIRS	James A. Andrews 16
GRASSROOTS CRUSADER	O. K. Armstrong 18
BIG BUSINESS	Charles M. Sheldon 20
THEY WORSHIP IN SILENCE	Verde Whiting 21
SOMEONE TO REMEMBER, A Story—Part One	Jean Potts 22
GOAL, A Poem	Lois Snelling 24
DRINKING, DRIVING . . . DYING	25
TWENTY-EIGHT MILLION KIDS	Margaret Lee Runbeck 26
DEATH OF A DEMON	Frances Wayne 28
MOTHERS IN THE GREAT TRADITION, A Sermon	Norman Vincent Peale 30
SHE CAME, A BRIDE—A Poem	Clarence Edwin Flynn 32
MISSIONARY HYMN	Vincent Edwards 33
THE FAMILY BIBLE	Jane Lyon 34
TEA-TIME CHAT	Martha Todd 36
DAILY MEDITATIONS	William L. Stidger 38
STRAIGHT TALK	Edited by Frank S. Mead 40
THE NEW BOOKS	Reviewed by Daniel A. Poling 54
CURRENT FILMS	Reviewed by P.M.P.C. 62
AFTER ALL! Humor Digest	72



DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Is Gypsy Smith, the great evangelist, still living?

Answer:

Definitely YES. Right now he is in the 69th year of his active ministry. He is conducting an evangelistic campaign in England.

Question:

Did you by any chance see the editorial in The Churchman (December 15 issue), which was reprinted from the Presbyterian Tribune? This editorial at great length discussed Protestant religious journals, paid eloquent tribute to the Christian Century, The Churchman and itself, but completely ignored CHRISTIAN HERALD which I have understood has the largest circulation in the field of religious journalism. Surely you didn't miss it!

Answer:

We didn't! It was a good editorial too. We hope that the editorial will bear fruit. Religious journalism will be strengthened by competition that is not now found in this field. As to the ignoring of CHRISTIAN HERALD, that is perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid us! Also it helps keep us humble.

Question:

My son, an engineer on a Liberator, was reported killed in 1943. I have never been able to feel that he is dead. Always within me there is a calm assurance that he is still alive and that eventually he will come back to us. I am comforted by what I read in my Bible. Have you any word for me?

Answer:

Even though this mother's son may not now be alive in the body she loved, he is alive forevermore. Jesus said, "And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." This is the final word.

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

my life texts: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Finally, the words of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, apply, words spoken at the wedding in Cana of Galilee: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." Each of us may ask for and receive the guidance of the Heavenly Father.

Question:

I am a girl 14 who is in constant trouble with her younger brother and sister. I am trying to be a good Christian but I get terribly angry at times. I guess I have a bad disposition and people get on my nerves. How can I cure this?

Answer:

The little girl who has frankly acknowledged her problem, has taken the first step toward the answer to her question. She should continue to strive toward controlling her temper and disposition. Beyond this she must find ways, even when she has the least desire to do so, to make her brother and sister happy. When they get on her nerves she should walk away and leave them. It is important that she make a definite decision not to talk when angry. At the close of the day, making a list of things done for others, especially members of the family, would help as a check. Then if she prays earnestly for God's help in carrying out her purpose, she cannot help but succeed.

Question:

Our daughter is well trained, dresses neatly and is attractive, but she has never had a serious friendship. I know that she will not be happy without her own home. What can we do to help her?

Answer:

It is difficult to say what this mother should do, without my knowing the daughter. However, if the young lady is personable and attracts friends, she should eventually find her happiness in a very natural way. If she has her mother's love and prayers, God will help take care of the rest.

Question:

I am deeply grateful for the work of the Bouvery Mission but it looks to me as though it would be even better to stop the sale of intoxicating liquor. Isn't it the old story of the ambulance at the bottom of the cliff when we should have a fence at the top?

Answer:

For a long time to come we shall need both. And since there is no immediate prospect of an adequate fence at the top, we must keep the ambulance at the bottom. Personally I, of course, agree with the one asking the question. But law is not enough. Eugene Chafin used to say, "Law is 2%; enforcement, 98%."

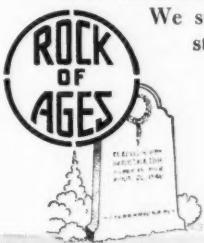


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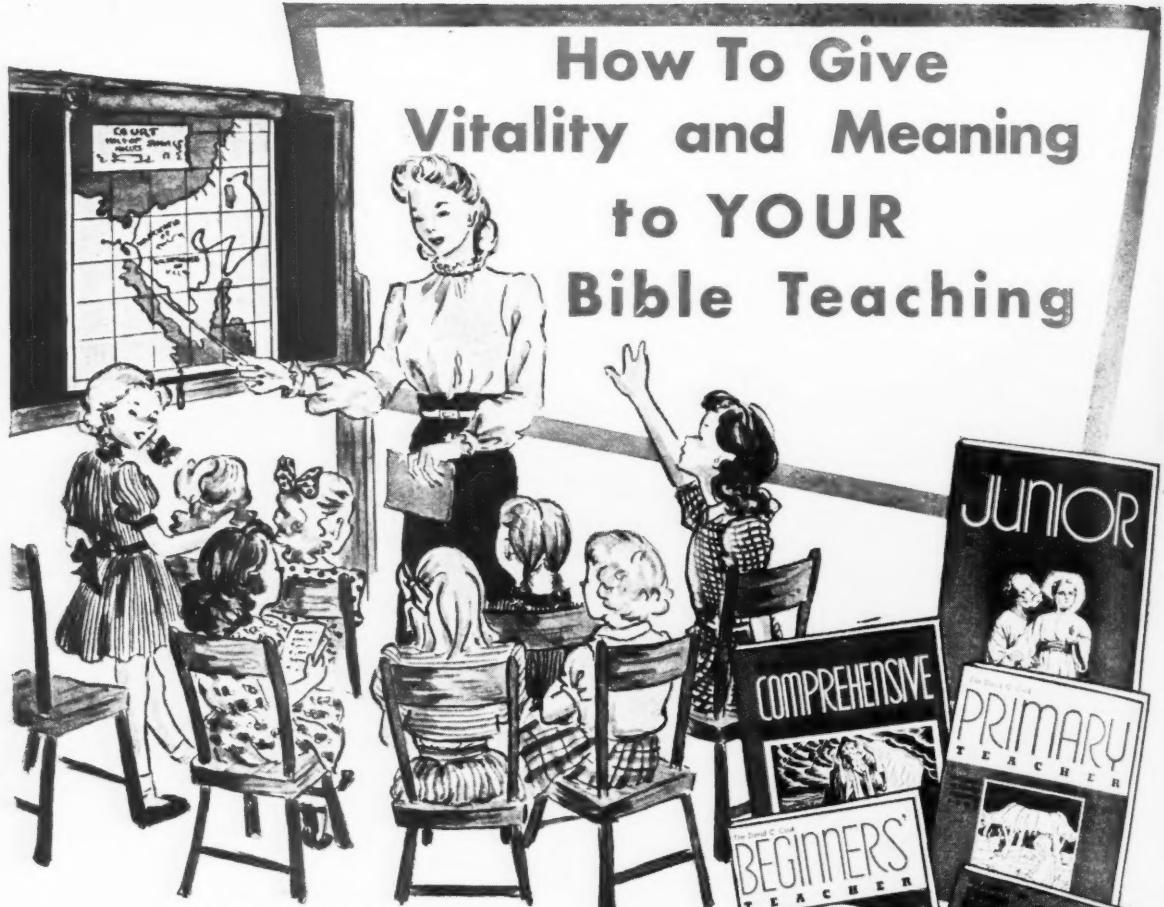


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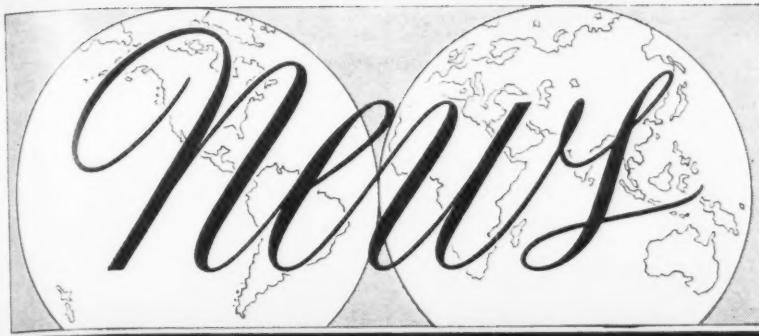
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DIGEST OF THE MONTH A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

A T H O M E

STRIKES: The General Motors plants are humming again. The legion of labor has returned to these industrial halls, after one of the longest and costliest strikes in labor's history. It will take a long, long time for the GM workers to get back what they've lost in this strike, if they ever get it back. And the managers have shouldered losses here too—losses impossible of recuperation.

We are warned that this is but the first of a series of strikes to come. If it is, then it's time for Congress to get busy. Our vote-conscious legislators have marked time too long. They have allowed the public to become the real victim of these labor-management disputes. We had an idea that Congress was created and maintained for the sole purpose of protecting the public welfare—which it distinctly is not, in this department.

May we be bold enough to suggest that Congress (1) outlaw strikes in public utilities, (2) ban jurisdictional strikes between unions, (3) insist upon cooling-off periods before strikes, (4) protect those who want to work but who are intimidated by picket-lines, and (5) make the unions liable to suit for violations of contracts with business firms.

We would not take from the worker his right to strike for redress of grievances. All we want is to take from him his right to strike against public safety. When transportation and communication are crippled in a world like ours, anything can happen.

We realize, too, that production and prosperity for all of us depend on free labor and not on slave labor. But some of the rest of us, outside the ranks of labor, have a right to be free, too: free from anxiety and worry and desperate situations which might never worry us



WAR'S HARVEST. Hunger stalks in the bomb-gutted capitals of Europe. In Rome today, children sleep in the streets after a day spent begging for food. And unless we in America feed them out of our abundance, they will starve and die.

at all if the rights of all of us were respected.

We believe in the American system, the American way—and the American Congress. Don't let us down, Congress!

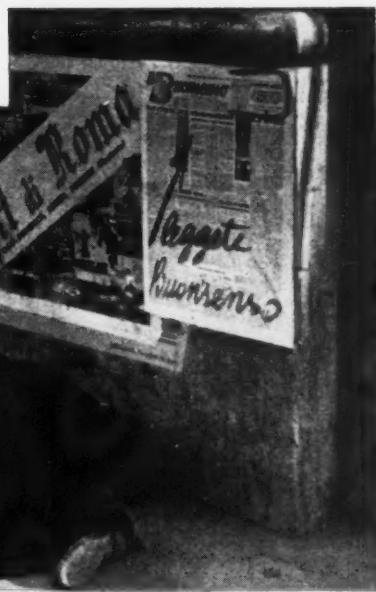
CHURCHILL: There's one thing about Mr. Churchill that's important: when he's around, there is never a dull moment. He says and does things, and sometimes they are beautifully right and sometimes tragically wrong. Once he was leader of the Black and Tans, in Ireland; he inspired the Gallipoli campaign in World War I; both were bad. So was his recent speech in Missouri.

When he spoke at the Waldorf-Astoria, however, he really made a good speech, here he put his faith in the UNO, denied that he ever asked for a military alliance between U.S.-Britain, and scolded Russia as Russia should be scolded. It was good cover-up for the Missouri affair.

But somehow, we still wonder whether Mr. Churchill is putting all his eggs in the UNO basket. This is no time to suggest any sort of alliance between any two separate powers in the new world organization; it is a case of all powers or nothing. It seems to this editor that we should at least make an honest attempt to make the UNO work before we throw it overboard.

Mr. Churchill's appeal is an appeal for the old disastrous balance-of-power political philosophy which has put us where we are today. To go back to that is to go back indeed—back to more disaster. It's high time we tried the collective way, and Mr. Churchill isn't helping us in that direction, a bit.

There is value in his speaking, however. As no other man in the last twelve



O. N. A. FROM EUROPEAN

months, Mr. Churchill makes it plain to us that Russia threatens the peace of the world. We believe Russia can be stopped in that, short of a show of arms. She is in no better position for another war right now than we are!

LOAN: The fur is flying in Washington as we go to press, over the proposed \$3,750,000,000 loan to the British. A poll of forty-one Senators in this morning's paper reveals that 21 will vote for it, 20 against it. That's fairly close! The balance of power rests in the hands of fifty-three other Senators who were not included in the poll.

The Man Bilbo roared to a reporter: "If I can get some help, I'll filibuster against it until . . ." (the rest of his statement can't be printed in Christian Herald). Senator O'Daniel of Texas opposes the loan on the ground that England is socialistic and debt-dodging.

Of course, it doesn't really mean much that England is socialistic; what's involved is trade and commerce and not political systems. We trade with Russia, and there is more than a little talk of a loan to Moscow! We just love China, which is a dictatorship. And we are bound up so tightly with England, economically, that we would crash with her if she crashed. That's a point too many of us are very liable to overlook.

We don't like the prospect, so far as getting the money back is concerned. If

On the West Coast, discharges are lured into black market shirt, linen and underclothing shops where they pay high prices for shoddy shirts and linens; in Chicago, spotters in the railway stations direct them to shops where they pay \$25 over ceiling price for civilian suits; a Los Angeles tailor collects a deposit for a suit, produces a suit a tramp wouldn't wear, refuses to return the deposit; automobile sharpers offer to drive a vet across country, collect \$100, ditch the vet in a roadside diner or tavern. One company advertises for salesmen, charges

the first installment of her war debt to Greece: ten mules, of which seven were found diseased and were shot on arrival. . . . The Sante Fe may put individual radios in sleeper berths; they can rename their road Bedlam, Inc., if they do. . . . Watch for 10 percent rise in average consumer costs. . . . And for a slight drop in income taxes next year. . . .

ABROAD



PRESS ASSN.

THE UNITED NATIONS TAKE THE FIRST STEPS TOWARD WORLD PEACE

Members of the United Nations Security Council, with a show of hands, vote nine to two in favor of hearing the Iranian case at the opening session in New York City's Hunter College. Symbols (A) and (B) indicate Russian Ambassador Andrei Gromyko, left, and Dr. Oscar Lange, right, representing Poland, who voted in the negative. Those voting in favor are: (1) Sir Alex-

ander Cadogan, United Kingdom; (2) Secretary of State Byrnes, U.S.; (3) Col. W. R. Hodgson, Australia; (4) Dr. Pedro Velloso, Brazil; (5) Dr. Quo Tai-Chi, China, presiding, who raised his hand for the count, then quickly lowered it; (6) Mahmoud Hassan Pasha, Egypt; (7) Henri Bonnet, France; (8) Dr. Francisco Najera, Mexico; (9) Dr. Elco Van Kleffens, Netherlands.

the old nationalism and militarism continue in Europe, this three billion can easily be spent for British arms, and not in debt-discharging. But there is an immediate need for reconstruction in England and in Europe that we cannot dodge. Take a look at the food diet on which the British folks are trying to live, and you'll know how desperately they need food. And clothes.

If this money be for reconstruction, we're for the loan. If it is for re-arming, we're agin' it.

ROBBERY: The veterans of World War II are being taken for the most disgusting ride in American history. There's a crook waiting for every one of them—a shell game around every corner. A nation-wide survey by *Newsweek* points out some high spots in the robbery:

\$6 for "investigation" of the applicant, produces no job; another offers to get civil service jobs for vets, knowing well that only the government can offer those jobs.

Watch it, GI Joe! Keep your money in your pocket.

COURIER'S CUES: Clarence Brown of Ohio and B. Carroll Reece of Tenn. are mentioned prominently for chairman of Republican National Committee. . . . Governor Gene Talmadge may make a comeback in Georgia; wiseacres say he has a good chance! . . . Chester Bowles is said to despair of holding the price-line beyond October. . . . If Russia's claim to know the whole atomic bomb secret is true, then England is the only one of the Big Three not in possession of the full secret. . . . Bulgaria has paid

FREEDOM: In one of the most dramatic diplomatic strokes of this generation, Prime Minister Attlee offers freedom to India. What is amazing about it is that he offers that freedom with none of the typical British strings attached. Mr. Attlee says nothing of ultimate dominion status; India is quite free to cut loose completely from Empire or Commonwealth, and go her own way. Britain will even help her cut loose!

Moslem leader Jinnah attacks the proposal at once; he represents the Moslem majority in India, which fears native majority (Hindu) rule. Nehru of the Hindus is suspicious, silent; he wants to think it over carefully, fearful as he is of hidden strings. England waits.

All this may have come about for one of two reasons, or both. India may have gotten completely out of hand; England may realize at last that the cry of four hundred million Indians for freedom or death cannot longer be denied. England may also be strengthening her own hand in the Commonwealth and in the UNO is offering freedom to "the jewel of Empire" at the psychological moment. Britain may hold India within the Commonwealth with this offer; she stood to lose India completely without it. Even the British Tory realized that, and supported Attlee's offer.

Now it is up to India. Up to now, it has been a decision for the British to make; now the labor government at London throws the great decision right in the lap of the Indian and says "Vote!" It is the hour of destiny for India!

LEADERS: Perhaps some of us who have been sounding off about the lack of real brains among the "brass hats" should be eating our words. When Chiang Kai-shek stood up in Chungking the other day and paid his great tribute to General George C. Marshall, he paid tribute to one of the brainiest and most far-visioned leaders of the modern world. Said the Generalissimo:

"Ever since his (Marshall's) arrival . . . he has worked indefatigably and sincerely as a friend to help us attain peaceful national unification. The fair and practical views he has advanced have mastered many problems. Our gratitude for his sincerity and the pains he has taken and our confidence in him are unbounded."

A good, rare man is General Marshall. Over in "enemy" country is another: General Douglas MacArthur. In the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, MacArthur has won one victory after another, swept poor Japan clean of much of her feudalistic hangovers, spread the length and breadth of the land a liberty and freedom that Japan would never have had without him. That one who came as a conqueror should do this for a beaten foe adds even more lustre to his crown. Thanks to him, the four freedoms are well on their way to realization in Nippon—perhaps nearer realization than they are in many an Allied country!

Here are two of the greatest spirits of modern times. Historians, tomorrow, will write their names large and clearly.

INFORMATION: During the war, billions were spent spreading information. We were deluged with news—good news about our Allies, fearful news about our enemies. Why should that stop so suddenly with the coming of peace?

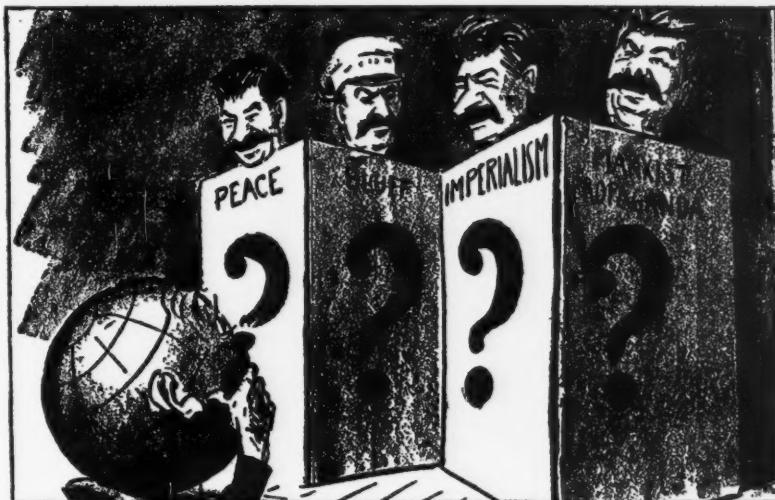
Somehow, we can't get over the impression that the common folk of the world are being taken for a grand and glorious one-way buggy-ride. We are being told part of the truth, but not all of it, about all of us. The man in the street (in Moscow and Washington) just isn't getting all the facts he needs to form an intelligent judgment. He is swamped with news of what the Russians are doing in Iran. We don't think much of that Russian business in Iran—and neither do we think much of those standing British armies in the Middle East, and in Greece! He is told of Russian spies in Canada, but not of American and British spies in every capital of the world.

What we need is truthful information on a global scale. What we need is facts about *all* of us, not one-sided propaganda to boost the stock of a few of us. It may be just possible that the Russians have some truth on their side; if they have, we never hear of it.

We are not trying to pull Russia's chestnuts out of the fire. All we are saying is that the Russian commoner wants war no more than we want it—and he seems to have no more chance to stop it than we have! His Stalin screams at our Truman; our leaders fight their battle of words, mingling bluff and fear. And right in the middle is the little fellow who will go to war again unless the leaders calm down and begin to play the game like men and not like a lot of frightened Hottentots.

It's been suggested before, and it may be good to suggest it again: if war comes, why not let the leaders fight it, with the common man sitting peacefully in the grandstand?

FRANCO: Franco in Spain holds on precariously to his power over the state. He is anything but popular with the mass of the people; if he did not have



Pease in The Newark Evening News

THE BIG QUESTION

the Spanish Army at his back, he would go down and out tomorrow.

This Franco is an outright Fascist. He was placed in power by the Axis, and kept there because the United States and England kept from his opponents the military supplies necessary to overthrow him. That refusal may have been in accord with our policy of non-intervention when it happened, but if this is still our policy it is a bad one.

Franco and all he stands for are a direct threat to world peace. This makes him a case not for the three major powers which have just officially outlawed him; it makes him and his Spain a case to be considered by the UNO. Franco does not want that; he knows how few friends he has among *all* the nations of the world! But inasmuch as all nations are threatened if he continues in power, it is the business of all and not of three to take care of him.

SPLIT: This item may belong in the Church news; we put it here because of its political significance.

The Uniat Church of the western Ukraine has left the Roman Catholic fold, voting to rejoin the Russian Orthodox Church. Rome says it is the work of a few "apostate priests", but there seems to be involved a great many more people than a few! That vote was a majority vote.

All this goes back to the year 1596, when this Church affected a union with the Roman Catholic Church by way of an order of King Sigismund of Poland, who commanded his Ruthenians to recognize as bishops only those who had accepted his "act of union." It was hailed in 1596 as the most important event in the history of Catholicism among the Slavic people, and it took 350 years to change it. Undoubtedly, pressure from Soviet Russia has helped bring about the change, but it is also true that racial characteristics and habits played an im-

portant part. The Slavs are more Russian than they are Roman; they go back, with this reunion, to the Church of their fathers, breaking away from a Church that was forced upon them. You never make a man love a Church by forcing him into it.

The affair will have wide-spread repercussions among all Slavs; it is a precedent, and it is probably the first move of many in the same direction. It is quite understandable that Rome is worried.

TEMPERANCE

SUGAR, ETC. A number of letters have reached us this month asking for real information on the use of sugar by the liquor traffic. We quote from a highly authoritative source: the Research Council of the National WCTU:

"In the manufacture of distilled and fermented liquors consumed in 1944, there were used 5,147,555,000 pounds of grain and 238,655,000 pounds of sugar, syrups and molasses. Total food products consumed in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages (including wine) in 1944 were 6,039,610,000 pounds."

And in all Europe, 80,000,000 people face starvation; 20,000,000 people wander back and forth over Europe vainly seeking food and shelter; in normal times, half the population of China lives below the hunger line, and you can guess for yourself how many live below that line after twelve years of war. Japan is desperate for food.

No wonder President Truman calls for the cessation of the use of wheat in the direct production of alcohol and beer! We wonder how the boozemen will react. Will they be as ardent patriots as they were when they insisted upon making their deadly product all through World War II?



PRESS ASSN.

Presidents Truman and Oxnam at Columbus: "Oh, for an Isaiah or a St. Paul . . ."

CHURCH NEWS

COLUMBUS: This editor flew this month to Columbus, Ohio, to see what he could see and hear what he could hear at the special meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. He heard and saw a great deal of great interest.

Whatever our reactions to the Federal Council, it does represent twenty-five Protestant denominations and twenty-seven million Protestants in this country; it is hard truth that it has more influence, when it speaks, than any other Church council in America. It is significant that the President of the United States himself came to Columbus to speak on the Council platform. His was a good speech; this was the first time we had heard Mr. Truman or even seen him, and frankly we were deeply impressed with what he had to say and the way he said it. He is no spellbinder, no platform master like his predecessor; but there is about this President a sincerity and Baptist humility that is attractive.

Mr. Truman was interrupted eleven times by applause from his hearers. They applauded this, vigorously: "The Protestant Church, the Catholic Church, and the Jewish synagogue—bound together in the American unity of brotherhood—must provide the shock forces to accomplish (this) moral and spiritual awakening (in America). No other agency can do it. Unless it is done, we are headed for the disaster we would deserve. Oh, for an Isaiah or a Saint Paul to reawaken a sick world to its moral responsibilities!"

Isaiah and Paul were prominent at Columbus; there was an everlasting effort, constantly, to get down to the Gospel roots. We have heard the Federal Council damned, more than once, as "modern-

istic, communistic, atheistic." If there was any of that at Columbus, we missed it completely. What we did not miss was the sincere and prolonged emphasis upon evangelism. This Federal Council is acutely aware of "Youth For Christ"; it is definitely conscious of the conservative trend in American faith, and it planned at Columbus to follow that trend. In his closing message, presiding President Oxnam said: "The Church is more like its Christ, and far more powerful, *when it stands for its Gospel*." There was real striving for unity in Protestantism here, and we believe it was *not* a case of the Federal Council trying to carry water on both shoulders, of appeasing both liberals and conservatives. It was more a recognition of a great common need.

Dr. E. G. Homrichausen, Princeton seminary teacher and head of the Council's Commission on Evangelism, put it succinctly when he said: "We have the largest church membership in history, and yet we have the worst record of delinquency, insanity, divorce, gambling, drinking and social disorder in our history. These are only external manifestations of a deep derangement of our spiritual life. . . . Our worst enemy is not outspoken secularism, but a subtle spiritual sterility within our churches. . . ."

There you have it. Columbus brought a plea for spiritual revival and rebirth, and Columbus asked that the Gospel be applied to modern problems. There was so much talk of modern problems—social, political, economic—that sometimes we wondered whether the Council wasn't about to make the typical mistake of so many other councils—whether they were trying to solve all the baffling problems of the world in three days, at the rate of two or three hours to the problem. That almost happened—but not quite.

There was a lot of discussion and confusion, for instance, over the atomic bomb. Now the atomic bomb has larger

councils than this one worried half to death; this bomb-problem could easily have consumed all three days at Columbus, and to no constructive end. The delegates realized that—so they cut the babbling-brook discussion short, and referred all but one paragraph of the report to the Executive Committee of the Council. All they asked at Columbus was that there be civilian and not military control of atomic research. Ultimately, they tried to come back to fundamentals. Said Bishop Oxnam: "We refuse to identify the Christian Gospel with an economic order, whether it be capitalist, communist or socialist . . ." or, in other words, to weaken the Gospel by watering it down with economic or social theory.

There were many outstanding men at Columbus; we were particularly impressed with John Foster Dulles, who had just returned from the UNO meeting in London. Mr. Dulles has become a man to be reckoned with in international meetings. He is a lawyer—a *Christian* lawyer—with a gift for cutting red tape and getting through to the truth in every case. Watching him, we felt somehow that he was a little impatient, now and then, with the naïveté of the preachers, but he'd probably deny that. He looked the depressing world situation squarely and not dreamily in the face; he spoke bluntly of Soviet Russia giving moral if not material encouragement to world violence; he was also bluntly optimistic of the UNO. He is a great Protestant American, and we will do well to listen to him, from here on.

The Council called for an end to racial segregation both inside the Church and outside; there was but a single discordant voice to this proposal, and it gives us pause when we realize that it came from a Methodist bishop who had spent some years in India (!) and who seemed more worried over the ecclesiastical machinery of his church than over segregation of human beings and immortal souls. But that was an incident, no more. The vote was overwhelming.

Constructively, the Columbus meeting not only passed resolutions and stated convictions, but laid definite plans. There is a plan for evangelism, passed by the Council, that is deserving of study by every Christian in these United States. There is a plan for the building of a Christian university in Japan which is the most encouraging move toward world peace since the Japanese surrendered. There is to be a definite campaign to "up" Church funds for foreign relief and reconstruction to \$175,000,000. This is action!

Like most conferences, this one left a lot to be desired. But not in many a year have we attended a meeting of churchmen which left us as hopeful as we are after this one. Protestantism, or at least the Protestantism represented at Columbus, has its feet on the ground and its heart in the right place.

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CHRISTIAN Herald

CHARLES, THE GOOD

WHEN Charles M. Sheldon died, he left "a lonely place against the sky." His was an imperial spirit but the royal qualities of his soul were gentleness, goodness, and complete sincerity. He was the personification of love and loyalty. He had intellectual courage that matched his time and he played a manful part in the struggle to advance every moral issue of his generation. He was for peace against war; temperance and prohibition against intemperance and the liquor traffic. He supported women's suffrage before I was born. He advocated the participation of youth in church affairs when the church generally frowned upon the idea. He believed that the principles of Jesus could be successfully incorporated in modern business affairs and said so with tremendous potency. But of him it may be said, as Will Rogers said of himself, "I never saw a man I didn't like." He loved everybody, particularly little children and I have seen him reach the heights of simple eloquence when, with trembling lips but vibrant voice, he excoriated child slavery and denounced those who exploited children for gain.

His book, "In His Steps," or "What Would Jesus Do?" which, in hundreds of editions sold more than twenty-three million copies, was his spiritual biography. Always, "What would Jesus do?" was his personal goal and there was nothing passive about his search. Forever he was a militant on the road to the will of Christ for his life.

He paid little attention to financial matters; too little. An impaired copyright deprived him of any part of the fabulous income that should legally have been his, but when one publisher—Grosset & Dunlap—on a later edition voluntarily paid him a royalty, he was moved to tears.

A world traveller, he lectured and preached in many countries and made one notable tour under Temperance auspices in Australia. It was from this mission that in the summer of 1914, he returned to the United States to participate in the campaigns of the "Flying Squadron" of America. Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana, who might have been the last log-cabin President had he kept still about the liquor traffic, was the chairman of that immortal crusade, which had a notable part in winning the Eighteenth Amendment. Charles M. Sheldon was the soul of the crusade.

As the youngest associate of that never-to-be-forgotten comradeship, I had Dr. Sheldon as my travel-

ling companion. For nearly a year we lived together more intimately than brothers in a home. Breakfast, lunch and dinner, weekdays and Sundays, eating, speaking and sleeping—often we occupied the same bed—we were together.

Writing as I do now, an overstatement will be anticipated, but deliberately running the risk of being so charged, I am bound to write that I never saw this man when he was not the complete master of himself; a gentleman, considerate of others and entirely beyond self-seeking. More than any other man I have known he practiced the Golden Rule.

He had the Socratean approach not only to people but to problems. As we rode across the states of the American Union, he was forever asking questions and there was a vein of humor running through any conversation after he had joined it. He would say, "What would you do, Dan, if you were in such a fix?" and then he would describe the "fix." Whatever I answered would call forth the inevitable next question. Once he asked me why I didn't write poetry and so I began to write it—terrible stuff—but over a period we wrote and shared our products. We actually began collaborating under the penname of "Charldan." We did it for our own delectation, but a few of these "masterpieces" found their way into the columns of this journal.

It is good to remember those days and all the days that followed until now. We were getting ready to celebrate his 89th birthday anniversary when he left us for another glad reunion; but until he laid aside his pen, just before he started on that last journey which took him to the hospital, he was the most popular contributor to CHRISTIAN HERALD. Why? Well, I think it was because he, more than any other man, wrote from the heart of things and persons, to the hearts of men, women and little children. Dr. Sheldon lived "in a house by the side of the road," but he lived also for all houses that were set in humble places. He saw their dwellers with kindly eye while he smote the evils that exploited them.

His goodness made for goodness and his idealism permeated the selfish realism of his time. Now, being dead, he yet speaketh. He will be well remembered. Those who knew him in the flesh will deal more gently with others who falter, while they strive more earnestly to achieve for themselves those higher levels of life, those heights of character and of friendship.

For thirty-one years, Dr. Sheldon was the minister of Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kansas. For half a dozen years he was the Editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD and it is significant of his personality that whatever his official relationship to either the church or this journal, the spirit that he brought to his pulpit and desk never went away.

Emerson wrote "Sweetness and Light." Well, Dr. Sheldon could well be the hero of that essay but I write him down as "Charles, the Good" and "The Beloved."

★

Daniel A. Poling

* * * * * EDITOR * * * * *

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

THERE HAS BEEN ONLY ONE GENERAL IN ALL HISTORY WHOSE FORCES INVADED EIGHTY-TWO COUNTRIES AND WERE WELCOMED BY THE PEOPLE. HE WAS GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.



Street Corner SALVATION

By Dale Carnegie

THE founder of the Salvation Army died thirty-three years ago, but his spirit and his army go marching on. When William Booth first started singing and preaching and praying on the streets of London, eighty years ago, hoodlums from the slums hurled mud, stones and even garbage at this stranger. All he did in return was to pray louder than ever. And at night, this astonish-

ing man went home to his wife and said to her: "Darling, I have at last found my destiny. We will devote the rest of our lives to helping the people of the slums!"

And that was the start of the Salvation Army. What William Booth and his wife and children endured to found this great organization is almost incredible. They endured cold. They put up with abuse. They went hungry. They frequently fed needy strangers when all

they had to eat themselves was rice cooked with raisins.

They collected money in the streets to pay the rent for poor families who were being evicted; but for almost twenty years, William Booth and his family had no home of their own. They lived in broken-down lodgings and in cheap furnished rooms. They called themselves "God's gypsies." They travelled all over England, sleeping in shacks, in shanties, and in trains.

What's more, they were sickly. Booth's wife was an invalid, and his health was so poor that life insurance companies refused to insure him unless he paid a high premium; they said he would die young. However, he lived to be eighty-three; and when King Edward asked him what gave him such a frenzy for life, William Booth replied: "Some men love art and some men love riches. But the passion of my life has been a passion for man."

William Booth was only thirteen when he first felt this burning passion for man. His father was dead, and all his mother could do to earn a few pennies was to sell needles and thread. At 13, William was put to work as a pawnbroker's apprentice. He despised this job. Even at that age, he felt like a vulture, for he soon found out that, poor as he was, his misery was nothing compared to the poverty, filth and degradation of his customers.

On Saturday nights, Booth would see these working people go to the saloons, or "pubs," and get roaring drunk. Not only the men, but the women and children, too. Drink was the plague-sore of England; these conditions were what Charles Dickens wrote about and exposed. There were no public schools. The laboring classes were largely illiterate. They had no entertainment. The only places they could go for a little social life were the churches or the public saloons.

Week after week, on Monday mornings, William Booth would see these unfortunates crawling into his shop to pawn their few belongings. They would pawn anything they had—their cooking utensils or even their shirts—for fifty or seventy-five cents to see them through the week. Just enough to buy bread! Their children died from malnutrition. They lived in dirt, hunger and squalor.

William Booth didn't know what to do about these conditions; he was only thirteen. But he did want to do something; and he was deeply religious. He used to fall on his knees at the end of the day, and pray Almighty God to show him a way to help these pitiful people. In later years, he used to say: "I promised God He should have all there was of William Booth for this work." How William Booth kept this promise is one of the most inspiring examples of self-sacrifice and heroism I know.

At the age of seventeen, this over-worked boy joined a company of preachers and began to preach. But he knew that preaching the Gospel wasn't enough, that faith without works was nothing; he knew that the Word of God must be translated into deeds. So when he and his friends found a girl who was dying, they fed and nursed her; when she finally died, they carried her body to the graveyard in a snowstorm and buried it themselves. They found an old woman who had no home; they pooled their resources and hired a cabin for her. Then this boy,

who often went hungry to bed himself, managed to buy food for this old woman and to keep her alive.

William Booth used to walk eight miles to preach in the suburbs. Then he had to run back! He couldn't afford to ride, and the pawnbroker had threatened to fire him if he wasn't home by ten o'clock, so Booth would race through the streets to get there in time, and almost collapse as he fell in the door!

You think that because he was young, it didn't really matter? Well, the truth is, he ruined his health for the rest of his life!

The woman Booth married was even frailer than he was. Let me tell you something about her: Catherine Booth had had a curvature of the spine when she was a child and she had to wear braces. Her chest was always delicate; she was threatened with consumption; and, at the end of her life, she died in agony from cancer. Yet, when a council of ministers once offered William Booth a comfortable job with a well-paying parish if he would give up his work in the slums, this indomitable woman rose to her feet and shouted: "Never! Never!"

She was her husband's greatest help in his great work. Not only did she cook, do the housework and care for eight growing children, but she also preached sermons. Instead of resting when her work was finished, she would hurry to the slums and go from door to door to find out where there was hunger or illness. She would talk to drunkards in the streets, to thieves, and even to prostitutes. She organized homes for unmarried mothers; she organized soup-kitchens to help feed the bums and down-and-outers. All she ever asked for herself

was a home in which to find peace; yet she was forty years old before she found a place she could even remotely call home. When she lay on her deathbed, she finally confessed: "I never knew a day when I wasn't in pain."

"I never knew a day when I wasn't in pain"—that was the woman who devoted her life to helping the destitute! She was the first Salvation Army lassie.

When William Booth was twenty-five, he went to a theological seminary to learn to become a regular minister. But he soon found out that he was expected to preach inside of churches. "Why," he exclaimed, "the people who come to church don't need to be saved. I want to reach those who never come to church!"

He used to play hooky from the seminary, in order to preach in the slums. He sometimes preached in tents, with the rain pouring in, where the people who heard him had to bring their own benches. At last he broke away entirely from the organized Church and declared: "From now on, the open air will be my cathedral!"

He and his followers would gather in the streets and beat drums and tambourines. They often had bands. Respectable people turned up their noses at this red-hot religion; but William Booth explained that he had to compete with the street noises and the public saloons. The people he was trying to reach wouldn't even stop to listen unless he put on a show that was as good as a circus. William Booth was interested in results, not in forms of piety.

In 1878, William Booth dressed up his followers in red and blue uniforms and gave them a name—the Salvation Army. He called himself their General. Queen Victoria was furious! Who was this upstart, she demanded, who dared to set up an army within her own kingdom?

That same year, General William Booth sent out a proclamation to his followers that was the strangest edict, I suppose, in all history. This proclamation was called: "A General Order Against Starvation." Booth had discovered that some of his workers were starving themselves in order to help out the poor! Many of his workers lived on six shillings a week—less than two dollars—and some of them lived on even less. They were sleeping in hallways, or in unheated shacks; and they were living on bread and water. Yes, they had money. They had money they had collected in the streets; but they were using every cent of that money to buy food for poorer people, and pay rent for the homeless.

You would think that the people of the slums would have fallen on their knees and blessed these Christians as they passed. Well, some of them did. But frequently the Salvation Army workers were stoned, and sometimes killed, by gangs of hoodlums. The Salvation Army lasses, in their red and blue

(Continued on page 50)



WILLIAM BOOTH

He and his followers would gather in the streets, beat drums and tambourines.

By

THOMAS H. WEST

SINCE there are many kinds of spiders and not all fit into the presentation I wish to make, I must first be specific and say it is the garden-spider—and particularly the female of the species—in which I am interested.

So let us consider Mrs. Garden Spider or rather the web she spins so industriously at night and which is such a thing of beauty when we see it in the morning sun glistening with dewdrops.

Finding a space large enough for her purpose, Mrs. Spider starts her web with a thread which runs from one object to the next until she has completely surrounded that space. Then she puts in place the threads which run radially like the spokes of a wheel. At the center of these radii, or spokes, is a little silk cushion. This cushion one scientist tells us "is the beacon which marks the center of the future edifice and the post which guides the spider and brings order into the wilderness of twists and turns."

When all the spokes are in place, Mrs. Spider takes her position on this center cushion and then stepping out onto one spoke, she welds a thread to that spoke. This done, she steps across to the next spoke to which she also welds the thread, thus putting in a cross-bar from the first spoke to the next. She continues to put in the cross-bars from spoke to spoke in an unbroken spiral until she has filled the space between the cushion at the center and the thread which she spun first to surround the space which she had selected. The web is then finished.

When we look at the finished web, what do we see? To that question one scientist has given us the following answer: "A rope-latticed edifice consisting of cross-bars intersecting the several radiating lines obliquely at angles of equal value." This is what I see: first, the several radii or spokes. I realize they are all equal and all lead to the one center—the little silk cushion. I see between these radii or spokes and joining them, a multiplicity of cross-bars. I realize that without these cross-bars the radii or spokes would be useless, and that without the radii or spokes the cross-bars could not exist. I also realize that both radii and cross-bars are equal parts of the spider's web. But I also know they have different functions. The radii or spokes are the lines of support for the web and of strength for the cross-bars while the cross-bars are made of a sticky stuff, but the radii of spokes are not.

When we look at the finished web, what can we see in relation to the churches that the churches should consider? I see the pattern for cooperation between the churches. First, the pattern for cooperation between the denominations as such and, second, the pattern



for cooperation between the local churches of the denominations in the communities of America.

What is the pattern for interdenominational cooperation? This is what I see: I see the several radii of spokes as corresponding to the separate and distinct lines of faith and order around which our denominations are organized. I note that these separate and distinct lines of faith and order are all equal in function, that they are the lines of support and strength, and that all lead to God as the beacon at the center of all denominational organizations. I see the cross-bars as lines of cooperation uniting these organizations in matters of Christian practice and service.

In the second sense—that of cooperation between the local churches of our denominations in the communities of America—I see each of the radii or spokes as the line of loyalty of the members of a local church to the denomination to which the church belongs. We cannot afford to break down that line of loyalty, as each denomination represents a formulation of faith and order by which those who belong to that denomination find a sustaining fellowship. Here again these radii or spokes correspond to the lines of strength and support.

Again I see the cross-bars as lines of cooperative action in matters of practice and service, this time in those community matters which are the common responsibility of all the Christian people of the community, no matter to what local church they belong. The spider's web tells me that the building of these cross-bars of cooperative action in the community is as much a part of the work of the local church as the building of the radii or spokes of denominational loyalty.

Mrs. Spider's web thus tells the churches how they can become The Church. Let us see what makes up one web. We find the answer to be a combination of many radii or spokes, all equal in significance and leading to one center, and one unbroken spiral making the cross-bars supported by all of those radii or spokes. So the Church is a combination of many formulations of faith and order, many lines of denominational loyalty, all equal in significance and leading to one center—God, and one unbroken line of cooperation across these denominational lines in matters of life and work, in community matters of common responsibility.

When I see a web glistening in the sun I like to imagine that each point, where Mrs. Spider has welded together a radii or spoke and a cross-bar, represents a denomination, or a local church of a denomination, looking up the radii or spoke to God at the center and having arms outstretched on both sides to clasp hands in cooperative action with another denomination or local church looking up another radii or spoke to God and also having its arms outstretched towards the denomination or local church on either side.

Let the churches consider their differences in theologies, in creeds, in orders and in doctrines as tools for a multiplicity of sustaining fellowships, of all of which God is at the center giving unity and purpose. Let the churches express that unity and purpose by cooperative action—action as one body—in matters of Christian practice and service where men live. If the churches do this at once, then in truth they can become The Church today. The churches should indeed consider the web of Mrs. Garden Spider.

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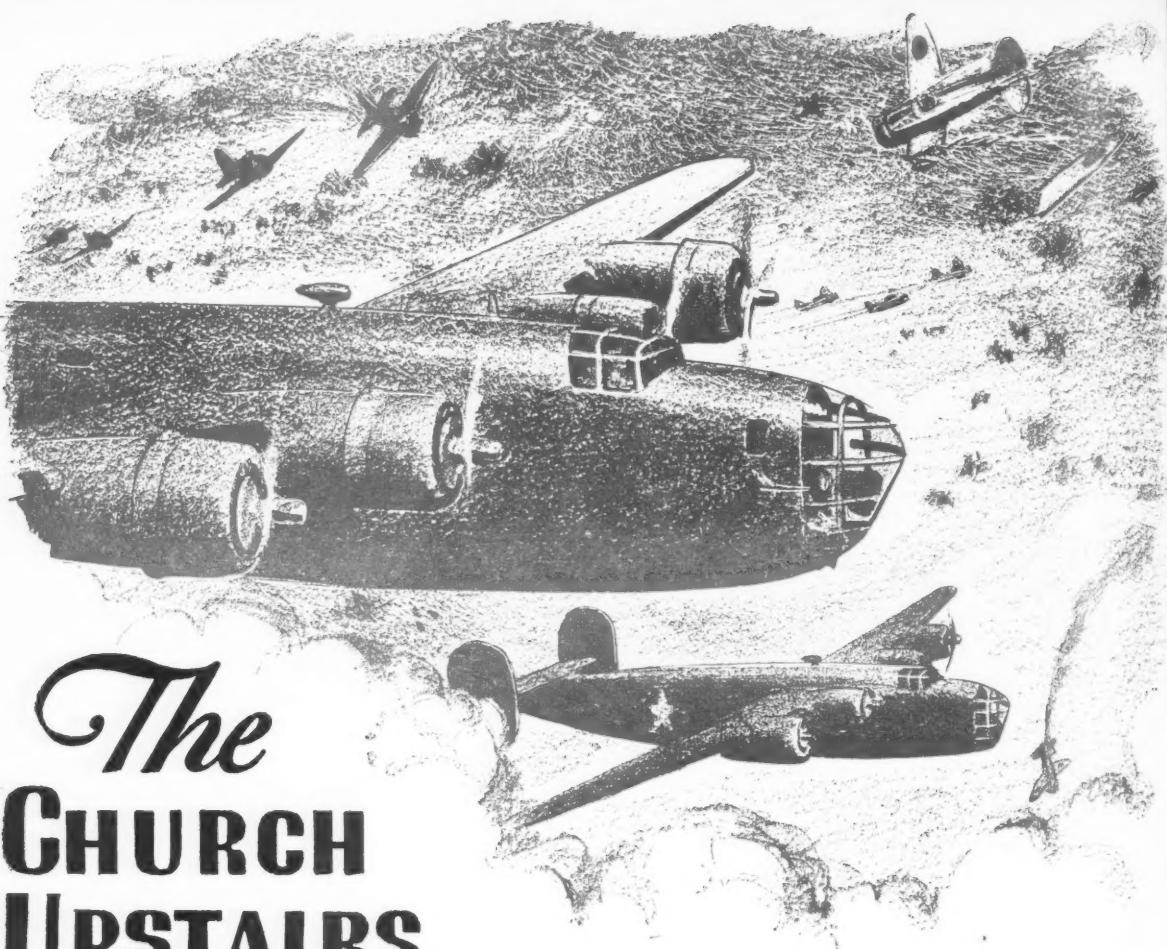
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The CHURCH UPSTAIRS

By

James A. Andrews

CHAPLAIN, U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

ONE day a young lieutenant, a fighter pilot, came into my office to talk with me. He said, "Chaplain, I did not come to talk about my problems, and I suppose I have some, just like every other fellow. But rather I came to talk about some things that mean a lot to me, because I know you will understand. I have been doing a lot of thinking recently, and I feel I must talk with someone."

Of course I made him welcome, and for about an hour he talked about his family, and how he had tried to get an education, and prepare himself to be a decent, clean-cut man. Then suddenly he began to talk about his religious experiences. He said that before entering the Army he had never been very interested in religion, or the Church. He just took such things as a matter of course,

and occasionally went to church with some member of his family.

Then his face lit up as though an electric torch had been turned on, and he said, "But Chaplain, since I came into the Air Forces I have discovered God, and my need of Him. When I am flying upstairs, twenty thousand feet or more, and doing the thing I would rather do than anything else in the world, God seems very near to me. I have learned how to pray. Oh, I don't suppose my prayers would go over very well in a church service; I just talk to God, and I know He is there. Upstairs, away from the noise and confusion of the world, God is real to me."

As a Chaplain of the Army Air Forces I have talked with many thousands of soldiers, officers and enlisted men. My experiences have brought me into contact with several types of service, including almost a year as the only chaplain of a specialized hospital, where I served men and women of all faiths. I know that the religious awakening of the young lieutenant is not an isolated case. It is my conviction that a religious awakening has taken place among the young people of our armed forces which has had reality and great worth. I have discovered a sense of reverence and appre-

ciation of religious values which has appealed to me as being even stronger than I used to find in a cross-section of community life before the war. Those who are inclined to sneer at what they call "foxhole religion" are making a grave mistake, and are missing a supreme opportunity.

Recently after I had spoken at a church service, a very nice-looking woman came to me and said, "It is true, is it not, that only those soldiers who have had a religious background in their homes have shown any interest in religion in the Army?"

I told her that probably most of the soldiers who had shown an interest in religion in the Army had come from homes where religion counted. But it was also true that many thousands of young people in the armed forces had discovered for the first time in their lives the reality of God, and their need of having some kind of contact with Him. Many had come from homes where there was no interest whatsoever in religion.

Never shall I forget the bitterness with which a staff sergeant, suffering from flying fatigue, as a result of his having flown fifty-three missions, talked to me in our hospital one day. Among other

things he said, "While I was flying I learned to pray. I did not know how. I did not know what words to say, but just out of desperation and necessity I learned to pray somehow. I felt that God heard me, and that He understood, and it helped me to know that He was there, especially when I was under attack. Chaplain, why don't they teach us how to pray when we are young? Oh God, if I had only learned how to pray when I was a boy, what a difference it would have made in my life!"

I thought, "Yes, what a difference it would have made, and what a difference

it would make in the lives of two-thirds of our young people who are not learning how to pray in their homes, and whose parents are missing the greatest opportunity they will ever have to preserve our American way of life, and help insure the future peace of the world." For religion alone can heal the tragic hurt of our war-torn world, and drive the spirit of hate out of the minds and souls of peoples, and unite mankind in a spirit of friendliness, undergirded by faith sufficient to enable all races and classes to work together constructively and creatively with God for the good of all. Only religion can provide us with the principle that will really work as a practical basis to insure the future peace of the world—the principle of sharing.

On one of the B-24 bombers which flew some of the most dangerous missions over Italy, during the early part of the Italian campaign, the navigator was a former divinity student. Naturally, it was only a little while until the members of his crew began to call him "Parson" and before long that name came to take on a special significance. They all came to respect their navigator for his religious convictions, his quiet and abiding faith, his clean life, and his steady courage in the face of danger.

So they got into the habit of looking to him for moral and spiritual leadership. When the going was tough, and the ack-ack was thick, the pilot would say to all the members of the crew, "Time out for church." Then he would say to the navigator, "O.K., Parson, go ahead," and this young man would lead them all in a short prayer.

They called it "The Church Upstairs," although it was a very humble church, indeed. Still, it had all the necessary elements for a live and vital church. There was an earnest group of men seeking for religious reality. They had a splendid young leader who knew God, and knew how to give an expression of his faith. There was a deep sense of need on the part of all, an urgency of purpose which drew them together in a fellowship of faith; each man was just as interested in the salvation of his buddy as he was in the salvation of his own soul.

church where true fellowship is practiced as well as preached, where religious reality is found through sacrifice and service as well as through worship, and where all have the supreme opportunity for the investment of life and influence in the greatest cause in the world—the cause of humanity. It must be a church where literally everyone is welcome, and the only superiority that is recognized is the superiority of ministry. Such things as race, or class, or rank, or position must not count as the standards for the measurement of people. The central teaching of Christ concerning the supreme value of personality must be placed at the center of all our plans and programs, and the law of love, as emphasized by Christ, both by His teachings and by His life, must have a practical application in all our dealings with our fellow men.

Furthermore, this post-war church of ours must get a new and a greater conception of the deadliness and destructiveness of sin, and there must be some new definitions of sin. Somehow we must make the world realize that the great sins are the sins of unbelief, and selfishness, and unbrotherly conduct. We must teach the truth that when a nation rejects God and His moral and spiritual laws, it takes the path that leads ultimately to war, with its ruin and death. When people neglect God in their family life, and their religion becomes weak and devitalized, they undermine the very foundations of character, without which no nation can long endure. For freedom of religion means not only the right to worship God according to the dictates of our consciences, but it also carries with it a grave and profound obligation and responsibility to uphold and support our religious ideals and institutions.

At our Post Headquarters we had a Negro shine porter whom we all respected and appreciated. He called himself the "B-29 Shine Boy," although his hair was almost white, and his kindly and intelligent face showed that he had lived a long and cheerful life. Early one morning as I went to work I stopped to speak to him, expecting to see his smile. But he met me with eyes full of tears. He was holding in his hand the

(Continued on page 70)

The

CHURCH UPSTAIRS



Oh God, in the midst of this war-torn world
May we never forget to pray.
May we visit the Church of God upstairs,
And never our Christ betray.

The Christ who gave us the Church today,
The Church of the kindly heart,
And those millions more who gave their lives—
They have nobly done their part.

Those who found God in the midst of the strife,
In battle looked death in the face,
Know the breath of the Spirit, the scope of God's love,
Which only man's hate can efface.

They look for the world where the standard is high,
Where each person is given a place,
And the need and the deed of a man is the test,
Without question of nation or race.

Can we who are living give less than our best.
To build the world of their dreams,
Or countenance less than a Christian peace,
Leaving war with no further schemes?

Oh God, grant us grace that we may strive anew
To build Your Church upstairs,
Where the spirit of man may come to its own
In answer to their prayers.

Virginia Minuth

Many millions of young men and women of the armed forces are looking for the church in our post-war world which has the same fundamental elements. This "Church Upstairs," the soldiers' church of tomorrow, must be a



PEACE, ORDER AND SECURITY IN OUR COMMUNITIES ARE BASED ON LAW. THIS IS TRUE IN THE STATE AND IN THE NATION. WHY NOT AMONG NATIONS? ALL HUMANS ARE CITIZENS OF A WORLD COMMUNITY, WHICH REQUIRES LAWS AND NOT TREATIES FOR ITS GOVERNMENT.

By

O. K. ARMSTRONG

ONE day during the 1945 session of the Missouri state legislature, a stranger dropped off a train at Jefferson City and introduced himself to the busy members as Robert Lee Humber, an attorney of Greenville, N. C. He was, he said, the author of a resolution on world federation, which he'd like the legislature to adopt.

When someone asked him just what he meant by world federation, a change came over the mild-looking, middle-aged visitor. His eyes bright with conviction, he explained that his resolution requested Congress to move toward setting up world government based on law.

He was referred to Speaker pro-tem Murray Thompson, an outspoken isolationist. "If you can sell him this idea

you can sell anybody," one member said.

Some days later Speaker Thompson announced that he would sponsor the world federation resolution in the Missouri House. "That man Humber convinced me," Thompson said to the startled members, "that peace and security in our communities are based upon law. It's true in our state. It's true in the nation. Why not *among nations*?"

Before the year was over the Missouri House had passed the resolution. Meanwhile, Robert Lee Humber had hurried on to other state capitals. In Oklahoma he won the support of Governor Robert S. Kerr and a few days later the Assem-

bly voted unanimously to endorse world federation. Tennessee and Utah followed suit. New Hampshire, Florida and Georgia were next to fall in line.

Since 1940 Humber has appeared before forty of the forty-eight state legislatures—some of them a dozen times—in a unique display of one-man crusading. To date, fourteen states have adopted his resolution; in nineteen others it has been adopted by one house or is being considered.

Here are key words in the Humber resolution:

"There exists an international community, encompassing the entire world,

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MAY

which has no government and which is destined either to be ruthlessly dominated by totalitarianism or to be federated by democracy upon the principles of freedom for all nations and individuals. All human beings are citizens of this world community, which requires laws and not treaties for its government.

By "federation" Humber means an organization within which each country would retain its domestic sovereignty, delegating to a world government only such powers as are needed to maintain law and order among nations. He sees it as a vital objective beyond the UNO.

To make that ideal come true, Humber has devoted almost his entire time for five years. He has traveled more than 300,000 miles, talked to hundreds of legislative committees, civic clubs, women's organizations, colleges, public forums.

When you meet this extraordinary crusader he seems a very ordinary person; undistinguished in dress, speech or features, he might be an average small-town businessman unlikely ever to be known beyond his own community. And yet he has made himself heard from coast to coast. The reason is inspiringly simple: Unlike the mass of us who merely deplore the wrongness of things in the world, Robert Lee Humber picked on one thing that was wrong and decided to do something about it himself. He's a living demonstration of "one-man power"; just a plain individual, but one with a belief in what a plain individual can accomplish if he tries.

During World War I he fought with an artillery company in France and was appalled by the horror of war's destructiveness. So were millions of other American soldiers. But this one decided that if future wars were to be prevented it was up to Robert Lee Humber to take a hand in preventing them. As direct and naive as that.

begin his crusade, and now, he felt, public opinion was ripe to respond to it.

To try out his idea, he invited thirty-nine of his neighbors to his cottage on Davis Island, on the Atlantic Coast. Here was a cross-section of a typical American community: a judge, a filling-station attendant, the editor of the local paper, a grocery store proprietor, the postmaster, a doctor, two preachers, a caretaker. They gathered under great oak trees, ate barbecued sandwiches and wondered what their host had in mind.

Humber seated his guests with the rolling waves breaking on the beach at their backs. He reminded them that not far away was Roanoke Island, where the first English colony in America was planted, that also nearby was Kitty Hawk, where the Wright brothers made their first successful airplane flight. He told them that they were invited to consider something which might prove of equal historic importance, a declaration on world federation. Then he read the declaration, explained its meaning and called for comments.

First man to speak was Judge Hamilton: "So far as I'm concerned, this is the crowning moment of my life. I didn't dream that we were being called here today to pass judgment on what I consider the most important issue that faces mankind." Half a dozen others spoke, and all endorsed Humber's stand. They voted unanimously to endorse world federation.

This grassroots meeting encouraged Humber to make his crusade a movement of the people. Congress, he knew, would pay little attention until there was a groundswell of interest back home.

He wrote to friends and business associates. He visited every county in North Carolina, speaking an average of twice a day, in courthouses, churches, schools and even hotel lobbies—wherever he could

to the Capitol at Raleigh. There it touched off a vigorous debate. One objection was raised that has since become familiar to Humber: "This matter requires more study." To which a senator made what Humber considers an admirable reply: "The progress of civilization cannot wait for my colleague's intellectual development." In the end the resolution passed by comfortable majorities.

Friends of world federation showered Humber with congratulations. He was urged to head national organizations working for world order. But the country crusader decided to stay at the grassroots and work for the endorsements of state legislatures. He used the remainder of 1941 visiting other states.

Former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts stated that the following words of the declaration constitute the most significant sentence he has read in many years: "The age of treaties is dead; the age of laws is here." Nicholas Murray Butler, president emeritus of Columbia University, told Humber: "If I were a young man I would not go into education. I would devote my life to the realization of world federation." Wendell Willkie boomed at him, "I subscribe to your resolution unreservedly."

In 1942 Dr. Henry Smith Leiper of Newark, N. J., a well-known churchman, urged Humber to present his case to the New Jersey legislature. He encountered strong opposition from politicians throughout the state. *The Bergen County Record*, for example, launched



ROBERT LEE HUMBER

The North Carolina lawyer who is carrying on a one-man crusade for world federation. His ideal has already won the endorsement of 14 state legislatures.

Crusader

The obsession followed him through Harvard and a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. In England and France he read history and government, analyzing every plan for international cooperation ever proposed. He came to the conclusion that world federation was the only way to establish and enforce world peace.

For years he lived in Paris as attorney for an oil company; and traveled over all Europe studying social and political problems. He closely followed the work of the League of Nations and watched its decline. When Hitler's legions swept over France, Humber returned to Greenville. Now he had sufficient means to

find half a dozen listeners. Every convert would spread the word, and the passion of his conviction made converts in every group.

Always Humber besought his hearers to write their state Assembly members to pass this resolution. He found out what schools and colleges the legislators of his state had attended, then persuaded faculty members and prominent alumni to urge them to support the resolution. Wherever he went he left a trail of endorsements of world federation by civic and business clubs, and the faculties of colleges and schools.

Finally, Humber took his resolution

a bitter attack upon Humber, intimating that he was the tool of the British government. Humber spoke at the local high school and ignored the newspaper



BIG BUSINESS



TBy CHARLES M. SHELDON

HERE is a lot of big business in this world. There is farming, for instance. In some ways, the farmer can be called the biggest businessman of all. If he should suddenly go on strike all over the world, the rest of us would die in a hurry. We all need food, and never more than now.

Total income from farm products sold in the United States in 1944 amounted to \$19,789,000. The number of milk cows on our farms in 1945 was 26,931,000; the number of chickens was 511,130,000; the number of calves on farms and ranches was 74,369,000. Milk products from farms in 1944 totalled 118,952,000,000 pounds. Surely farming is big business.

Newspapers and magazines are big business. There are 19,561 papers and periodicals published in this country; they employ a multitude of men and women at great expense, just to put reading matter in our hands.

Banks are big business. There are more than 14,500 banks in the United States, and deposits in them in 1944 amounted to \$128,605,000,000.

Automobiles are big business. There were in America, in 1941, some 4,838,561 pleasure cars and trucks valued at \$3,702,623,023.

Churches carry on a big business. Members of all churches in the U.S.A. in 1941-42 counted up to 67,327,710. The religious population of the world, counting all sects and faiths, is more than 2,150,959,919.

The United States Government is big business. It has over 200 departments employing millions of men and women.

The railroads are big business. They employ millions to take care of equipment and to run the trains, keep up road-beds and to do uncountable other tasks. In 1943 the railroads of this country carried 887,675,000 passengers—and nobody knows how many more were denied passage.

Then there are utility corporations, hotels, radio, theaters, and an endless list of other institutions dedicated to the making of money, and to getting people to spend money.

But after all, what is the biggest business of all? The biggest business is that of making human beings better. Making them free from hatred, prejudice, greed and selfishness. For the materialistic big business of the world, with all its amazing energy and scientific skill, has not kept men from killing each other ever since Cain killed his brother. If the human race had made as much progress morally and spiritually as science has made, we would never have known World War II—the crowning slaughter of all.

"This one thing I do," said the Apostle Paul. What he tried to do was to create a universal brotherhood, to make all men Christlike. When we reach what he aimed at, we shall have peace—and not until then!

Said Benjamin Franklin to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1778:

"I have lived a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men, that if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, no empire can rise without His aid. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in our political building no better than the builders of Babel."

Will the church that Christ loved and for which He gave Himself up, unite to make a better world by making people better?

As his thousands of friends and associates already know, our beloved Dr. Sheldon passed away on February 24. A tribute from Dr. Poling appears on page 12. The above was finished by Dr. Sheldon just before his death

attack. Next day he called on the editor. "Well, Mr. Humber," said the latter, "we rode you pretty hard. Why didn't you fight back?"

Humber's mild gray eyes beamed. "Have you read my resolution?" he asked. The newspaperman admitted he had not. For two hours Humber talked while the editor listened and asked questions. Next day astonished Bergen County citizens read in the *Record* an endorsement of world federation.

It took five months of patient, persuasive efforts like that to organize the support that finally pushed his resolution through in New Jersey.

Still, in two years he had won only two states.

Now Humber began a whirlwind tour of the nation, explaining world federation to people great and small, to governors as well as grocery clerks. Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Alabama adopted the declaration in 1943; Virginia and Louisiana in 1944.

Humber's crusading—which is financed entirely out of his own pocket—follows a simple but effective pattern. He arrives at a state capitol, his briefcase bulging with letters of endorsement, which he plays out like trump cards as he talks with individual members. He is also forearmed with all possible inside information as to the records, background, likes and dislikes of legislative leaders. Perhaps he can find a member favorable to the resolution, who will help line up other members. His enthusiasm never lags. Scores of legislators have promised him fifteen minutes, only to listen—or argue—for hours.

Once he has found someone to introduce the resolution, he hurries about the state winning "back home" support. Then he goes back to the legislative halls for hearings on the resolution.

One of Humber's most important tasks is to win the governor's support. And governors' reactions have varied from enthusiasm to hostility. Frank J. Lausche of Ohio said, "The principles of your declaration are so sound that I wonder why civilization has waited so long to adopt it." But another governor angrily informed Humber: "No bills pass this assembly without my consent." The visitor's smile never weakened as he responded, "Very well, Governor, but I hope you won't mind my doing a little educational work among your constituents." Humber marks such states for future reference. "Governors," he comments philosophically, "come and go."

Humber has remarkable physical stamina. He can ride halfway across the continent in a crowded day coach or bus, and, pausing only to change his shirt, advance his arguments to a legislative committee with ease and precision. When the declaration was being considered in Virginia, he personally talked with every one of the 100 House delegates and the thirty-nine senators. In another state (Continued on page 61)

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INTER. NEWS PHOTOS

Fascinating is the "singing" of the choir, using graceful, rhythmic gestures.

They Worship IN SILENCE



By Verde Whiting

THE Sunday morning service has begun in the little chapel, but, although the vested choir and the vicar, led by the crucifer, are entering as in many Episcopal churches, there is no peal of the organ in the processional hymn, no voices lifted in song. All is utter silence. But the congregation needs no other signal for they could not hear the organ if there was one, and the choir cannot lift their voices in song, for they are all deaf mutes. Vicar, congregation and choir can neither hear nor speak.

The chapel is St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes in New York, and for sheer beauty and spiritual uplift, it would be hard to find the equal of the service held each Sunday morning in this little Episcopal church. The "singing" of the hymns by the vested choir in lovely graceful rhythmic gestures of the hands and arms, is perhaps the most fascinating and impressive part. They wear colorful purple vestments—against the chancel it makes a pleasing picture—and their movements are so vividly expressive of the words of the hymns, that it is quite easy to follow them.

The congregation does not join in this

ritual, although some follow the words in the hymnal. They do, however, join in the responses, creed and other parts of the service, which are all done in the sign language.

The vicar and chaplain, the Reverend Frederick Burgess, is a deaf mute and preaches most eloquently and stirringly in the sign language. The various notices are "signed out" and the whole service is followed with the most intense absorption by the congregation.

After the service, which is brought to a close by the silent recessional as dignified and dramatic as the opening processional, the people linger in the vestry for an hour or more of happy social communion. They give the impression of a serene contented people, living their lives unaffected by, and apparently even unconscious of any physical handicap.

Each year a pageant is given at the church, interpreted by the same graceful rhythmic gestures used in the musical part of the Sunday service.

The architecture of the church is simple Colonial throughout; the design of the chancel and reredos conform to this motif. The altar is a memorial to Miss Vir-

ginia Gallaudet, daughter of the founder of the chapel, who was an invaluable help to her father in this work and who organized the Woman's Parish Aid Society to assist him.

Above the altar, forming the center of the reredos, is a symbolic painting, "Christ Healing the Deaf Man." Directly below this is the word which Christ uttered in the miracle: "Ephphatha"—Be Opened.

The church is little known even in New York, and yet it has been the center of the religious and social life of the deaf of the community for over fifty years. In fact, it was founded way back in 1852 and was the immediate outgrowth of a Bible class for adult deaf mutes, organ-



INTER. NEWS PHOTOS
The vicar preaches eloquently and stirringly in the sign language.

ized two years earlier in St. Stephens Church by the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, called "the Apostle to the Deaf."

This class proved so successful in meeting a very real need among these people, that a church building was purchased down on West 18th Street, and regular services held in the sign language. The present church on 148th Street near Riverside Drive, was consecrated on December 18, 1898, by the late Bishop Potter.

Since then many improvements have been made and new equipment added. One of the most important of these is a well-appointed kitchen with a steam-table. This helps materially in the social life of the church, which is capably managed by the Woman's Parish Aid Society. The vicar's wife, herself a deaf mute, takes an active interest in this part of the work. Her life, like that of her husband, is devoted to helping these "silent people."

(Continued on page 71)



Mr. Esterbrook's voice rang imperious-
ly, and he leaned toward Charlotte
in an attitude of tense interest.

By

JEAN
POTTS

A

NYWAY," said Betty, "the train's not crowded. You've got a whole seat to yourself, you can rent a pillow and maybe get a little sleep, even if you can't afford a Pullman, and—" Her round little face wrinkled up into a half-tearful smile. "I don't know why I keep saying the same things over and over like this. It's sort of a disease. Now you're sure you've got everything?"

"Well, practically," said Charlotte. She checked her belongings off on her fingers. "Ticket in purse. Purse in lap. Hat on head. Bags on rack. Job in Sand Creek."

"All aboard!" The conductor's voice rang out warningly. It started a flurry of final good-bys the length of the train. It started Charlotte's heart to pounding again, in deep excitement. She was going, she was really going.

They laughed a little, gulped a little, kissed each other hurriedly. Betty burst breathlessly into a flood of last-minute reminders: "Give Angela my love, and

Someone to Remember

Part one of a New Serial

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MAY

**B**egin this human, folksy story starring a character who never appears—in the flesh, that is. In point of time, as the novel opens, "Miss Kate" has been out of this world for some months. But don't be fooled. She's still around—vitally and vigorously around. Like a lively and beneficent wraith, she lives on in Sand Creek, influencing folks of all kinds, making them be and do good—and like it. You will like her too!

don't forget to write, and don't forget if you get stranded—Charlotte, that man's yelling again. I've got to go—" She ran down the coach and out the door, to stand on the platform and wave as the train pulled out.

At the thought of Betty, loyal and pert, standing on the platform and waving till the last minute, Charlotte felt the sting of tears again. Of course she wasn't ever going to forget Betty. But Betty wasn't really part of the city. In a round-about way, she belonged to the life that lay ahead, in Sand Creek.

Sand Creek. In those days it meant nothing much to Charlotte. Just the little town where Betty had grown up. She like to hear Betty talk about life in Sand Creek—the band concerts, the ice-cream socials, the skating parties, and the husking bees. A leisurely, friendly place Sand Creek seemed to her, where you had time to know and like your neighbors, and where everyone had the same country sweetness that made Betty so appealing.

Charlotte drew Mr. Esterbrook's letter from her purse and read it once more. Her qualifications were entirely satisfactory. He would expect her on Wednesday next, on the train arriving in Sand Creek at 1.17 P.M. He was "Very truly yours, J. E. Esterbrook."

The monotonous rhythm of the train was soothing her, making her feel bemused. Darkness blotted out everything outside the window. The city now far behind, the train rushed on, carrying her across this bridge in her life into a new world. Yes, this letter was a passport to the world of Sand Creek, peaceful and friendly. She was through with all the aimless, feverish jostling of the city.

IT WAS EARLY MORNING when Charlotte awoke, so early that most of the other day-coach passengers were still asleep. Carefully she smoothed the skirt of her plain dark suit. It had wrinkled hardly at all, she noted with satisfaction. She was going to look respectable, in spite of no money for a Pullman.

She hadn't bothered to look out the window until she was settled at a table with a napkin spread in her lap and the waiter hovering solicitously over her. She looked out casually, completely unpre-

"No rude yanks to frighten the delicate little creatures and spoil the flavor." He broke off and smiled at her. "Hello," he said; "who are you?"

on, closer and closer to Sand Creek. It was a matter of minutes now, and with every turn of the wheels Charlotte's inner excitement grew. She sat tensely on the edge of the seat, very correct and secretary in her neat suit and tucked blouse, her eyes shining, the new hat slanted at a jaunty angle.

"Sand Creek!" called the conductor. But Charlotte had already seen the yellow sign by the road where the tracks crossed the highway: "Welcome to Sand Creek. Pop. 621. Speed Limit 30 Miles."

"I'm number 622," she thought, as she stepped off the train and looked about her eagerly. "They'll have to change the sign."

The depot, a low building with peeling, ugly yellow paint, looked deserted. The only people in sight were two men in shirt sleeves down at the other end of the platform, busy loading mail bags onto a truck. Beyond the depot a road led up to what was evidently the main street of Sand Creek. Charlotte could see a string of weather-beaten store buildings and, farther over, the spire of a church and other streets straggling off in the distance.

At that moment a long, shining car whipped into the driveway and slid to a stop. A tall, slim girl in a worn leather jacket, tweed skirt, and saddle oxfords sprang out, slammed the door behind her, and came hurrying toward Charlotte.

"Hello," she called. "You're Charlotte

pared for the way she was going to feel.

Under the pale, clear sky the land rolled away as far as she could see, field after field of young corn pushing up like cross-stitch set in patterns. She had seen pictures of the country before, but this was real. This was what she had always longed for: she belonged here, under the wide, empty stretch of sky. There was room here for her to spread out and be herself, her own true self.

Occasionally there were towns too—sprawling collections of houses and here and there a store, with a water tower at the edge. Sand Creek would be like this one, Charlotte thought, or perhaps more like the one before this one—it had had more trees.

Hour after hour she watched the country wheeling by, always with that queer, elusive feeling of familiarity. The morning melted away, and the train pushed

## Illustrator

CHARLES  
ZINGARO



Mackie, I guess." She thrust out her hand. "I'm Angela Esterbrook."

"How do you do, Angela," said Charlotte, smiling too. She's not an "Angela" sort of person at all, she thought. Anyone named Angela ought to be small and blonde, pink-and-white pretty. But this girl was dark, almost gypsy dark, with a cloud of curly hair and very white even teeth. Except when she smiled, her face had a restless, nervous look.

"Come on," she said now, picking up one of Charlotte's bags. "I'll help you with your stuff. Mother's expecting you for lunch."

"I suppose you're dead-tired," said Angela, deftly backing the car away from the depot and turning up Main Street. "Not that you look it," she added quickly and that abrupt, frank smile of hers flashed again.

"Not that I feel it, either," Charlotte told her. "I loved every minute of the trip. I've never seen this part of the country before, and it's the most—why, I hadn't any idea—" She stopped, embarrassed at her own enthusiasm, and spread her hands helplessly.

"Well, here it is," Angela said, in a half-humorous, half-cynical tone. "This is Sand Creek, practically all of it. How does it look to you?"

"Good," said Charlotte with a long sigh of pleasure. Main Street was wide and peaceful in the lull of early afternoon. A few men loafed in front of the drugstore, and on the other side of the street two or three children rattled along perilously on roller skates. Charlotte looked eagerly at the stores, with their half-familiar signs.

"Look," she cried, "there's the *Courier* office!" She read the lettered slogan in pleased excitement: "If It Happened in Sand Creek, It's in The *Courier*."

Angela's glance at her was abrupt and curious. "Glad you like it," she said drily. "Yes, that's the *Courier*. I think Dad plans for you to work down there, part of the time. Of course he isn't able to go to the office yet. What has to be done he does at home. Dave really runs the paper. As far as that goes, he did before. That's the schoolhouse up ahead." She pointed to a neat brick building a block or two farther on. "Now, I could turn here and take you past Mrs. Jessop's, but you'll see that later today anyway. That's where you're going to stay, you know."

"Oh," said Charlotte blankly; "is it?"

Angela grinned. "You haven't any choice in the matter, so don't look as if you had. Mrs. Jessop is the only person in town who takes in roomers. Here, we can turn at the next block. That way, we can go through Miss Kate's park."

Something stirred in Charlotte's memory. "Miss Kate," she said slowly. "Miss Kate. What's her last name? Somehow it sounds familiar."

"Harrison. Miss Kate Harrison. You've probably heard Betty talk about her."

"Oh, yes. Now I remember. She's the one who teaches Sunday school and—"

"She doesn't any more." Angela's voice grew fiercely tender, just as it had before when she spoke of her father. "She died last winter. I still can't believe it. It just never occurred to anyone that Miss Kate was going to die some day. I don't suppose it ever occurred to her either—or, if it did, she just pooh-poohed the idea and said she'd take care of that when the time came."

"I remember Betty thought a lot of Miss Kate," said Charlotte.

"There was no one like her. Never will be. 'A Remarkable Woman.' That's what Mrs. Jessop always says. Capital letters, you know." Angela's voice still

about it. And she made them like it."

"I take it Miss Kate usually got her way," said Charlotte.

"I think she always did, one way or another," Angela said thoughtfully. "As far as she was concerned, nothing was impossible." There was a little silence as they turned out of the park onto the street once more.

Then Angela asked suddenly, "Do you think that works out for everyone?" Her voice deepened with intensity. "I mean, do you think if you want a thing badly enough, you'll finally get it?"

"No," said Charlotte promptly. "I think you've got to start things happening by doing something yourself."

Then, as they turned a corner, Angela pointed to the left. "There's our place," she said. "Fancy, isn't it?"

"Fancy," thought Charlotte, "is the word." The Esterbrook place sat on a hill at the very edge of town and looked down coldly on all the other houses of Sand Creek—the shabby, modest, comfortable homes where ordinary people lived. The house itself, with its stately pillars and many-windowed wings, was surrounded by spacious grounds, and all around the edge ran a spiked iron fence. After you passed through the impressive stone arch, with its polished name plate, there was a long, curving driveway up to the house. The whole thing was impeccable, expensive, and somehow like a hospital.

"Well, here we are," said Angela, as the car purred to a stop in front of the wide porch steps. She sprang out and ran around to open the door for Charlotte. "Come on in and meet the family."

Close up, Charlotte discovered, the house was just as forbidding as it had been from the road. A cold fog seemed to settle on her as she climbed the steps beside Angela.

The atmosphere wasn't much better inside either. The long, imposing hallway opened on one hand into an immense, ornately furnished living room where Charlotte caught a glimpse of a mulberry-colored sofa, a disconcerting number of mirrors, and heavy, moss-green velvet draperies as she passed on down the hall with Angela. At the other side of the hall was a graceful, satiny staircase, curving upward arrogantly.

"Angela!" called a voice from a room farther down the hall. "Is that you, Angela?" It was a man's voice, slightly quavering, but still with an unmistakable ring of authority.

"Right here, Dad," Angela answered. "We'll be right with you." She ran on down the hall, and Charlotte followed. The library seemed dark compared to the bright sunlight outside and in spite of the brisk little fire burning in the fireplace at the end of the room. For a moment Charlotte stood blinking in the doorway. Then she saw the tall, stooped man in a smoking jacket who was shuffling cautiously across the room.

(Continued on page 64)

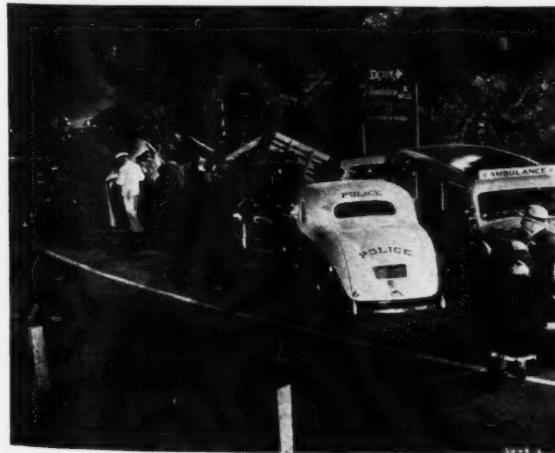
# Drinking, Driving . . . DYING

PRODUCED by MGM and circulated by Teaching Film Custodians, "Drunk Driving" is a 16mm film available to churches, schools, clubs and other private organizations. It is a brilliant professional job, picturing dramatically the deadly folly of drinking-and-driving. If you want to show it, write your State University Library for full information and details.

Here is the story:



1. With mother and wife disapproving, a newly-promoted salesman "celebrates."



2. "Under the influence," he drives straight into a fatal accident.



3. At the hospital, the wife pays dearly: both legs are amputated!



4. A blood test proves the driver responsible—and a criminal.



5. And his is only one of the week's drunk-driving crimes!

By

MARGARET LEE  
RUNBECK

**W**E WERE all persons of good will at that luncheon table. We were all fairly intelligent and alert and successful in our professions. But each of us was discouraged that day, for in every column the newspapers were disfigured with brutal reports of strife and contention and shortage and violence. Whatever individual peace each of us had managed to harbor in our private hearts, the "outside" world we shared together was undeniably awry. "They" had pulled it completely out of shape by their greed and mismanagement and fear, and "we" were apparently helpless about changing it. The most presentable attitude we could think of at the moment was fortitude and tolerance with the mess as it was.

We said that in our various ways, the beloved minister at the head of the table, the charming actress, the writer, the newspaperwoman, the lawyer who was still in uniform and wore the shoulder patch of the staff of America's greatest general.

"Well, we certainly have to do something," someone said, "but what?"

Then the daughter of the house spoke up. She was the loveliest sight at the table, not forgetting the centerpiece of pink camellias. Her eyes, innocent and earnest, had rested on each face as it spoke. But she had said nothing until this moment, for she is a well-brought-up girl, and she is only seventeen. She had not been told she must be silent when older, wiser persons are present—I'm quite sure of that—but she listens because she expects to learn. And today she was learning only how feeble and timid and helpless we "older, wiser" felt.

"I know some teen-agers who have a plan," she said.

We smiled indulgently at her, and I relaxed comfortably hoping I was going to hear some charming absurd notion. Something refreshing and young and endearingly impractical, to lighten the grimness of these alarming realisms which we didn't know how to face.

"Do tell us," someone said fatuously. "Probably bobby sox for everybody, and Van Johnson for president."



28  
*Million  
Kids*

## "WE HAVE A PLAN," SAYS THIS LOVELY TEEN-AGER. "WE ARE TRYING TO GET ALL THE KIDS TO LISTEN TO GOD." AND SO WHILE WE OLDER AND "WISER" FOLKS FLOUNDER AROUND IN THE MORASS OF POST-WAR PROBLEMS, GETTING NOWHERE, OUR YOUNGSTERS GO DIRECT TO THE ALL-KNOWING.

"No," she said, courteously forgiving this. "We are trying to get all the kids to listen to God."

A blush ran around the table then. It was so beautifully sincere as she said it.

"You mean . . . ?"

"We have a play about it," she said enthusiastically. "Some teen-agers wrote it themselves, and it shows that really nobody wants to be a juvenile delinquent . . . but, when mothers and fathers and people like that just don't seem very sure or—or happy, and they're terribly busy, or maybe want to get a divorce . . . well, you know children worry about things like that."

We tried to slow her down a little, for the sake of coherence. But the flood of innocent caring was pouring out of her.

"The whole thing is not to expect somebody else to do something . . . the whole thing is to begin doing it yourself. That's what these teen-agers think," she said. "So we don't take any pledges or make any speeches, or anything like that. We just make up our own minds that we'll begin being different ourselves."

"In what way?" we asked meekly.

"Well . . . we'll be honest, and we'll be unselfish, and try to help wherever we see a chance . . . we'll get on the side of building up instead of tearing down . . . But most of all we'll take a little time out by ourselves, and we'll just listen."

"You mean you'll listen to people who know more than you do? Sort of learn from older people?" we asked hopefully, thinking this must be the millennium.

"Oh, no," she said. "We'll listen to God." She shook back her golden hair, and leaned her elbows on the table, lost now in a subject which must have occupied much of her thought, because it had been well formulated.

"God knows much more about everything than I could possibly know. He sees all sides of every subject. And when I can't make up my mind what I ought to do about anything . . . whether or not to take a date, say . . . He knows just what is the best thing for me to do. So I get off by myself, and I ask Him. And then I listen."

"And what happens?"

"Why, He tells me!" she said as matter-of-factly as if she were talking about her human father. "A thought comes to me . . . I suppose that's what you'd call it. But anyway, I know now from paying attention to it, that it's God really speaking to me."

We were all a little silenced by that. Then somebody asked, "Do you mean to tell me you kids really do that?"

"Quite a lot of kids do," she said. "And this play is traveling around showing how the idea works so that other kids will do it. After all, the world is pretty much of a mess right now. Of course, we're only kids now, and we haven't got a whole lot of say in things. But pretty soon we're going to be in charge of things . . . and then we've got to make a better world."

She said it so confidently that you could barely keep the tears out of your eyes. She looked so vulnerable and young sitting there . . . and a montage of the morning's headlines rushed across your mind and you thought, "How could this ever come to grips with that?"

But just then, there was a terrific roaring in the drive outside the house, and a rumbling and clattering, and this seventeen-year-old said rapturously:

"Oh . . . it's the dream boat!"

It sounded more like a rocket from Mars. She glanced at her mother beseechingly, and her mother said, "Go out and ask him in, dear." So she excused herself and got up. "He's something super," she said, "he's twenty!"

Now here, I thought to myself, will be the comic relief. I pictured some big gangling scarecrow of a college youngster, showing off or being speechless.

But when he came in, he was a man. The most adult, mature man in the room, perhaps, from some points of view. He was a corporal, still in uniform. He had one blind eye, and his jaw had been broken when his plane crash-landed in Germany. He had been a prisoner of war for a while. He wouldn't have mentioned that, except that his hostess asked him to tell us. He did this with a simple poise and a selflessness that made you feel you were in the presence of a new race of men. The race that were teenagers yesterday . . . that are going to take over the world tomorrow, and make it into something better.

All the time he was talking something deep in all of us was saying, "This is it . . . they'll do it, these youngsters . . . if they keep that thing straight in their minds . . . if they will keep listening."

"So now you're back," I said. "And how do you find the country?"

He looked at me with his one clear level-seeing eye. "Well, I could say I find it a mess," he said honestly. "But it would be crazy just to be discouraged

about it. Everybody's got to take hold of it and get down to work."

Our seventeen-year-old said, "I was telling them about the play, Corp. Have you a ticket you could give them?"

So he got out a ticket and told us where the play was to be, and hoped we'd find time to go see it.

"There's our slogan," he said, "If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything!"

The ticket explained itself. Printed on the back were these words: ". . . we got to thinking what this country would be like if we kids were different. Then there'd be:

*"Homes where we're never afraid again that Mom and Dad won't stay together; schools where we like to go instead of have to; gangs where we can trust each other and be ourselves.*

"That's what we long for. That's what we'll fight for. That's why we wrote the play."

We all talked a while about that world they wanted to live in, and for the first time in days it looked possible again.

We've all prayed earnestly that God will guide our leaders, and now the youngsters are beginning to ask God to guide *them*. Not vaguely in some far-off terms, but immediately, right here. Not in generalities about "being good," but specifically, about dates for instance, and not criticizing, and cooperating with building up instead of tearing down.

"Shucks . . . there's twenty-eight million kids in this country. If they got a good plan, and stuck to it . . . why tomorrow would take care of itself."

Then his good eye brightened with fun and he cried, "Say, come out and let me show you my car."

We went out into the Spring sunshine and looked at Dream Boat. It was practically homemade, a mongrel masterpiece of patient assembling and loving handiwork. And good as it was, it was being improved every day!

"Why . . . you've got a floorboard now," the girl cried. "Now we won't get sand in our teeth!"

It was, in its droll way, a symbol, for it was made out of all the cast-off, broken down material in the town, polished up, put together . . . and running.

The Corp and the rest of the kids had dreamed it up since he'd been home on furlough; they hadn't been able to find any mudguards yet, and of course there was no hood over the engine. But it had two aerials rising from the windshield.

"They're not attached to any radio," the Corp grinned, "but they sure look pretty."

"She looks pretty all over," our seventeen-year-old said, "and she sure gets around."

"And you can hear her coming, too," the Corp pointed out proudly.

I wanted to say, "We can hear you all coming, youngsters. I only hope you get there in time . . . I only pray you take charge of things before it's too late."



The ancient camphor tree, standing in front of the Mission, from which Li Chang expelled the demon.

# DEATH OF A DEMON

By Frances Wayne

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**Y**OU can reach out in any direction, in China, and touch a demon: there are more evil spirits to the square inch in Cathay than you'll find anywhere else on earth. They are in the water, the earth, the rocks, the trees.

Now in the city of Foochow, in the compound of the Christian Herald Industrial Mission, there is a camphor tree that must be the grandfather of all camphor trees in the Province of Fukien; this one is five hundred years old, and up in its branches is a little temple, or shrine where, according to tradition, there long lived a particularly bad demon. The local priests protected him, enshrined him there in the old tree, in a swinging temple. When the Mission bought the property on which the tree stands, the buyers were carefully informed that they were *not* buying the tree. What was more, there was forever to be a right-of-way to that tree, so that the priests and the worshippers might come and placate the demon whenever trouble threatened. For who wants to make a demon mad, and have bad luck for evermore, and maybe even have the demon slay him in his sleep?

For years, the boys at the Mission, instructed by their parents, dutifully hon-

ored the shrine overhead. The age-old superstition had them firmly in its grasp. *Had . . . until Li Chang came.* Li Chang was one with a mind of his own; he never did put much stock in demons, and he often wondered what would happen if you were to tell an evil spirit to go chase himself.

Li Chang was at first a good Confucian, then a good Christian. After he began reading his New Testament, he spent much time trying to think things out; the boys called him "The Quiet One," and there were long hours when he said nothing to anyone, when he seemed to be listening to his heart. He had a way of looking up into the branches of the camphor tree, of rubbing his chin and muttering to himself.

And suddenly, one bright afternoon, Li Chang began to hurl himself around the trunk of the tree like a whirling dervish fighting his own shadow; he shouted and struck out with his fists and kicked with his feet and his face was the face of ten thousand terrible warriors. The other boys gaped at him in astonishment and they began to shout that the demons had Li Chang, and had him for good. Then it was that Li Chang cried out: "The evil one is beating

me on my shoulders and my head with his great club. Help me!"

But no one helped. Li Chang fought his battle alone. It was an act fit for a command performance at Buckingham Palace. Li Chang gave ground and recaptured it; he fell to the earth, threw up his arms to shield his face from the invisible blows, fought his way back to his feet, grunted hard as he landed great blows on the evil one. Suddenly he cried that the evil one was fleeing—up the tree! Like an exultant monkey he gave chase, up the trunk, up into the threshing branches, where he drove the evil one into the little temple. Then he held his hand over the door of the temple, sat down grinning on a branch, smashed the shrine, demon and all, and dropped it, piece by piece, among his frightened companions on the ground.

The priests were furious. They went to work on the spot, predicting every manner of evil and bad luck for rash Li Chang. Their anger was awful to behold; it grew worse as the days and weeks flew past, and nothing whatever happened to the placid Li Chang, who went his way as though all gods, good and bad, were with him! The boys began to wonder and the neighbors began to



Dr. Daniel A. Poling plants a camphor tree at the Mission on the occasion of its 25th anniversary. Miss Emily Hartwell, veteran director, assists.



Boys at Christian Herald Industrial Mission watch Japanese planes drop bombs.

talk and Li Chang was pointed out by everyone as an incredible man who had told the demon to go chase himself!

There was no point any longer in keeping that right-of-way to the camphor tree. It was sold to the Mission. Li Chang grew up, finished his work at the Mission, and went out into the world to slay other demons.

Now all this really happened, at the Mission near Fairy Bridge; believe me, it is no fairy-tale. It is the perfect illustration of what has happened to hundreds of boys and girls who have come under the Christian care of CHRISTIAN

To those who pass now through the gates of the orphanage at Ah Do and the Industrial Mission at Fairy Bridge, the evil spirits have lost their power. For in this Mission they have found another Power, another God above all these lesser gods, who has helped them sweep the ancient fear of demons from their hearts as a housewife sweeps out cobwebs with a broom.

Li Chang himself has gone we know not where; he is lost, somewhere, in the maelstrom that is China. But in his steps, at the Ah Do and Fairy Bridge, keep coming young souls who may never fight the evil one beneath the tree, nor climb its branches to smash the flimsy temple, but who because Li Chang showed them how, have driven away the devils that hounded their forefathers and won even a greater victory than Li Chang. I have sat with them in their church and Sunday school and Christian Endeavor and heard them repeat: "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

I have seen orphans grow to manhood and win success in marketplace and pulpit; I have seen waifs pass through the precincts of the "sacred" camphor tree, growing in stature and favor with God and man, and rise high in the seats of trade, government and Church. But the greater miracle, to me, lies in the spectacle of all the host of children who may or may not have won success, but who have won, thanks to the Mission, their struggles with demons and with evils that once held their land in thrall and terror!



View inside front gate of Mission. The big camphor tree can be seen in back.



MOTHER AND CHILD, FROM AN ETCHING BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN, N.A.

WHAT is the greatest picture of a mother ever painted? I presume that many would say it is Whistler's lovely portrait, in which a simple, plainly gowned mother, with worn and faded hands, sits peacefully. Others might refer to that immortal masterpiece by Raphael, which hangs in the gallery at Dresden, his wonderful painting of the Madonna. This picture is said by experts to be one of the most perfect faces ever put upon canvas. These are indeed great representations of motherhood. But not the greatest, I think.

There are other ways of painting than by the use of the brush with colors upon canvas. Perhaps the most artistic pictures ever painted were by the medium of words. Words have subtleties of meaning, shading and coloring beyond compare. Words contain music and melody, and their use may be more graphic than any other form of artistic expression. I hold that the finest picture of motherhood ever painted was by words, written in an old Book of Proverbs.

Every mother ought to read these

# Mother's IN THE GREAT TRADITION

## SCRIPTURE: PROVERBS 31

words and meditate on them, if she wants to see what she ought to be. Each sentence is a gem. "The heart of her husband doth faithfully trust in her." There is always a time in the life of a man when he has to transfer his trust from his mother to his wife. He is a husband but he is still a boy, even though he tries to act as though he is not one. It must always be so, so that the heart of a husband may completely trust in his wife. "She is like the merchant ships. She bringeth her food from afar." She sets a good table. The other day, I passed a little store where I saw that one could buy a dinner already cooked and put up

in a basket for one dollar and a quarter. I read the menu, which wasn't particularly attractive. Mother will never get anywhere if she becomes so busy so that at the last minute she must buy her meal in a basket and brings it home to her family.

This woman was a wise woman also: "She considereth a field and buyeth it." In other words, she has a good business head on her shoulders. She isn't foolish, she sees a good buy, "she considereth the field," and evidently she considereth it for a long time because, "with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." In other words she saved it. When she

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MAY

YOU CAN HEAR THE SWISH OF MOTHERS'  
SKIRTS THROUGH ALL OUR HISTORY. SHE MARCHES  
EVER IN THE VANGUARD OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

# Sermon

By NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

saw the field she wanted, she could buy it. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor." She was kind. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom." Your mother is wise. She is given native wisdom—wisdom that is instinctive and "her tongue is the law of kindness." She is tender and good.

Here is the greatest picture of a mother ever painted, the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Proverbs. These words state a tradition. They set a type of norm. They are the result of long generations of experience, of understanding and of insight. There is a certain norm to motherhood, and whenever it varies from the norm or tradition it is considered unworthy.

This tradition of motherhood was brought to these shores by the most beautiful, and at the same time the strongest group of women the world has ever known. One can see the Puritan mother as she stood midst the wilderness, her numerous children clinging to her voluminous skirts. On that first night around the campfire she read to them from an old Book, which she had brought across the seas. Little faces apprehensively gazed into the darkness of the forest, but were reassured when they looked into the lovely, strong face of their Puritan mother. You can hear the swish of her skirt in all of our history. You can see her footprints marching across the mountains and plains onto the western slope, always in the vanguard of American civilization. On a hill overlooking Kansas City she stands now in eternal bronze. Pioneer mother, lithe of body, spiritual of mind, lovely of face, marching ever onward, into American history.

The American male, said Lafcadio Hearn, loves to idealize womanhood. He does not want her on his level. He wants her on a higher level. If she brings herself down to his level, she makes the biggest mistake in her life, and right now she is attempting to emphasize the strong free elements of womanhood. She does not seem to understand, at least large numbers do not, that the strong free element may only be had by preserving also that thing which is characteristic of womanhood: namely gentleness, beauty, purity, and spirituality.

I met a woman not long ago who seems to me to characterize this traditional type

of womanhood. She is a doctor. One morning her office phone rang and the voice on the other end of the wire sounded familiar. The voice did not say, "Good morning, Doctor," it said, "Hello, Mom."

And she said, "Hello, son. I thought you were in North Africa. Where are you telephoning from?"

He said, "I am in a hospital on Staten Island. Oh, now Mom, don't get excited or worried, I'm all right. I was wounded, but I'm all right."

What did Mom do? Mom closed her office at once, and went to Staten Island and walked down through the ward of the hospital amidst badly wounded boys, some recovering, others very sick, until she sighted her son. Then, bracing herself, the worried look passed away, for now she must meet the issue; the mother love merged into the strong person, and she came to his bed. She didn't hover over him. She wanted to make a strong man of him; she had tried to do that since he was an infant, so she didn't hover over him or smother him, but instead, with comradeship, she put out her hand and said, "Why, how do you do, sir? How are you this morning? Welcome to our country. I have missed you." And all the boys down the ward, who heard this, said, "What a mother! What a mother!"

Then the mother said, "Here's the key to the front door. It will not be long before you will be coming home again."

He replied, "I don't need it, Mom, I've got the key to the front door. It's in my pocket."

He had been in foxholes, he had been through the battles of North Africa and Italy, he had gone through muck and blood and pain, but always he had carried in his pocket the key to the front door of the apartment in New York City. Night after night he must have taken it out in the glare of firelight and held it in his hand. It wasn't the key that he saw, it was the symbol of something else—a mother to whom he could talk, a comrade, a companion. A mother who always held up before him the highest dreams and ideals. A mother whom he could worship almost as he could worship God.

That is the type. That is the American tradition; that is the kind of wom-

en who have produced America. It is the kind of women who must see us through today. Personally I believe in them. If we ever have a different type of womanhood it will be a different country. We have only been nation for 170 years, and think of the wars that we have had in 170 years! Almost every generation of American womanhood has had to go through this pain, this tragedy. They raise their children, and the deepest experience of life for them is the rearing of their children. Into the children they pour all their hopes and dreams. But the boys scarcely get to manhood when the bugle calls and war is declared. The flag flies and mothers must give up their sons.

This is one of the greatest conflicts the human spirit must face. Somebody was telling me not long ago of a little college down in the Ozarks. They were having a graduation exercise there a year or so ago. The honor student of the senior class was a boy named Eddie. He was the valedictorian. Eddie was the son of a farmer mother and father who had never been far from the farm. It was a great event for them to go to a college commencement. And their son was to give the valedictory address.

They came and sat in the rear because they were self-conscious. Mother's dress was old-fashioned; Father's suit was long out of style and it was shiny. They huddled together; her wrinkled old hand lay on her dress, in an embarrassed manner. Then Eddie got up to speak—to give the valedictory speech. He was a brilliant boy, and he spoke with rare eloquence and genius, and as he spoke it seemed they were seeing a different son than the boy they knew down on the farm. Tears blinded their eyes as they listened to him tell what his Mom had meant, what college had meant and what America meant, and how he and his fellow students were going out from those halls to save America.

Then the speech was over and the old man who probably hadn't been so sentimental in years, reached out and took the little hand of his wife, put his great strong hand over hers, and crushed it tight. "Maw, that boy is the best crop we ever grew. Isn't he wonderful?" he said. And the next thing they knew Eddie marched away in the uniform of the United States. But gladly they let him go, for though they loved him, they loved their country more. Though he was their flesh and blood, of their spiritual life, yet for their native land, they let him go. That does not erase the agony of it nor the pain of it. I sometimes think that the greatest heroes we have today are the mothers of America.

A friend of mine told me that in the last war, he was in a certain European city. He had gone down to the railroad station in this city to see a trainload of troops go off. They did not have to go very far because they were going to be poured into the ever-deepening graves of Verdun. Down to the railroad station

came the wives, mothers, and sweethearts, to say good-bye to them. He said it was almost like a picnic. The boys were gay, the women were gay. They laughed, they chatted, they smiled, and he was astounded by it. How could they send these men to Verdun with a laugh and a smile?

Then the train pulled out as they waved their handkerchiefs. The train disappeared around the bend. Then he said he saw something that will haunt him to the day of his death. There descended at once a death-like silence, there was not a sound. Then there went up from them an agonizing groan and sob. It was the inexpressible agony of the human spirit. It was the primal pain of motherhood. They knew they were sending their boys away that day to certain

death. But they did it. They did it and American mothers do it because the thing for which this country stands must live. Because the flag must live, and the church must live, and the right must live, and honor must live . . . that is the reason they send them away. Never forget that with every boy who dies, there marches and dies an American mother in the great tradition.

This final thing I must say about her. The American mother in the great tradition has always been a spiritual woman. I was interested recently in reading a statement of James Montgomery Flagg, the artist, who has painted so many American women. He said: "America has the most physically attractive women of any country in the world." He comments on the custom of selecting state

and city "beauties." He says he has met some of these "beauties" because he has been called on to paint them. He calls attention to the fact that the beauty, however, is often only physical; most were selected by the tape measure. "Their hearts, their minds, their personalities, in many cases are hollow and empty."

Mr. Flagg stated the requisites of beauty. First is serenity. A woman who is nervous and jittery cannot be beautiful. She develops tension and lines on her face. That is why she should go to church and learn to pray. Second, kindness. No woman can be beautiful unless she is gentle of heart and refined in nature. Third, vitality. She must appear alive and alert. The last requisite is spirituality. When an American mother possesses these qualities there is about her an ineffable charm which makes for beauty.

When I remember my mother I think of several things. I think of her humor. I think of her ability to cook. A mother who cannot cook is in a sad way. My mother's cooking will linger with me as long as I live. And her prayers. Her prayers and her cooking are tied together in my memory, and they really belong together—one gave nourishment of the body, the other gave nourishment of the soul.

I have a friend who says he was in the home of Governor Bricker of Ohio when the governor was elected for the third time as the chief executive of the state. My friend is intimate with Governor Bricker. He came over to my friend, sat down on the arm of his chair, and said, "John, how would you like to go hunting with me this fall, down on the old farm? It looks like the election is safely stowed away. What do you say we go hunting?"

And John said, "Governor, I would be delighted to go."

The governor sat there for a few moments. "Yes, we will have a good time. We will have a good time, John, but it won't be the same . . . will it?"

And John asked, "Why?"

The governor said, "You know, Mom is gone and it won't be the same. Do you remember the meals she used to get for us? Do you remember how, when she got the meal on the table and we were so starved, she would say, 'Now, boys, we've got to thank God.' Do you remember how beautiful her face was as she prayed? It won't be the same without Mom."

No, when *she* goes it isn't the same. And America will not be the same if "Mom" changes. We move on into a new civilization, we move on into great material benefits. We move on into enlightenment, but America will never be the same, if "Mom" doesn't stay the same, if the great tradition of America ever should pass away. But it won't, it won't. In the fires of war was forged a new strength in American manhood and in American motherhood that shall guarantee, I stoutly believe, the future of our beloved land.

## *She came, a Bride*

**S**he came, a bride, whose features wore  
Youth's eager, happy glow,  
And planted flowers by the door  
A hundred years ago.

**H**er children played among them there;  
In turn their children came;  
Yet there were always blooms to spare,  
Year after year the same.

**T**he house has fallen to decay;  
She sleeps upon the hill;  
But from the planting of that day  
Spring gathers blossoms still.

**A**s swift years pass on silent wing  
This thought seems brightly wove  
In every season's blossoming:  
"Time cannot conquer love."

*Clarence Edwin Flynn*

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# All the world sings his MISSIONARY HYMN

By  
VINCENT EDWARDS

MORE than one hundred and thirty-seven years have gone by since a clergyman in a quiet English parsonage wrote one of the greatest missionary hymns of all time. His name was Reginald Heber. The now famous lines that he dashed off on a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the rector of Wrexham, were "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Half a dozen friends were gathered in the little rectory parlor on that Saturday afternoon. Remembering that his son-in-law was a poet and that a letter had just come from the King, asking that a collection for foreign missions should be taken in all parishes of the English Church, Dr. Shipley asked Heber if he could not furnish a hymn to go along with the appeal he was going to make from the pulpit the next morning.

The young rector said he would try and he withdrew to a far corner of the room. His pen became busy at once. In a short time three stanzas were put down, which he read aloud to Dr. Shipley and his guests. The father-in-law was delighted. "That will do splendidly!" he exclaimed. "But it isn't yet quite complete," said Heber, and he withdrew again and soon was back with a fourth and final stanza.

So this great hymn was given to the world. When one considers how quickly it was written, it seems quite obvious that the author must have been divinely inspired.

Besides being a literary genius, Reginald Heber was one of the outstanding church leaders of his day. He was as good as he was great, and when Thackeray wrote his "Four Georges," he contrasted the profligate life of England's rulers with this parson of noble character and spotless reputation.

Heber's background was fortunate, and no doubt contributed greatly to his later success. Born in 1783, the son of a clergyman, he grew up in the rectory at Malpas in Cheshire, where the father made sure he did not miss out on religious instruction along with all social and cultural advantages.

As a boy, Reginald early displayed that sunny, kindly disposition that made him beloved wherever he went. Even the servants could not help adoring this youngster whose laughter, mingled with that of his many young friends, rang so continually through the home. "Master Reginald is never in a passion!" they had reason to notice.



*The rector withdrew to a far corner of the room and his pen became busy at once.*

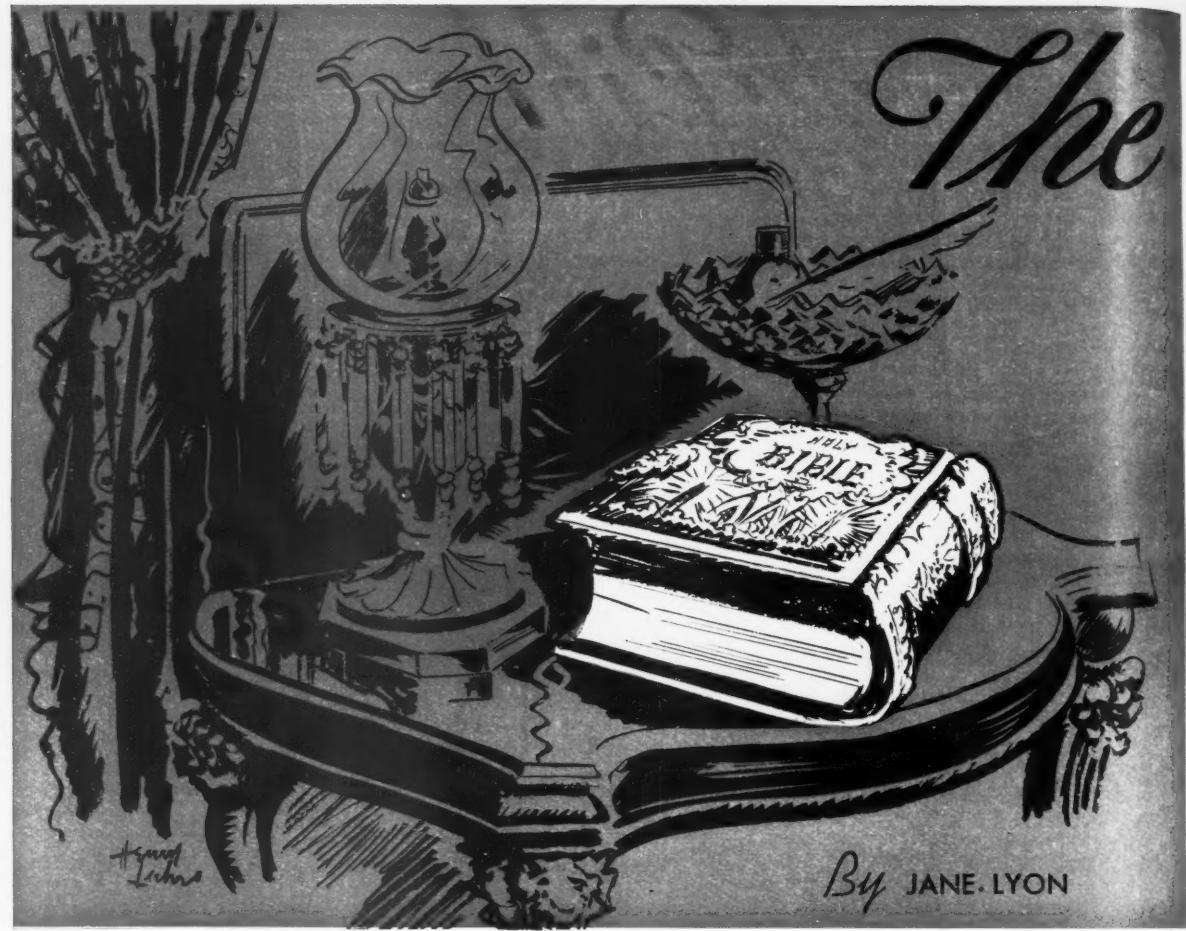
At Oxford he made a brilliant reputation with his poem "Palestine," which carried off the Newdigate Prize and was pronounced the best university poem of the century. When the author read it in Convocation Hall at the annual commencement, the applause was the loudest that had ever been accorded an Oxford graduate. Overwhelmed with pride, the father and mother rushed to congratulate him, but when they finally located him, the son was discovered on his knees in his dormitory room, "breathing out his soul in gratitude and prayer."

Several months of travel through Germany and Russia followed, and then the son, patterning after his good father, took orders and settled down in 1807 as rector of the quiet country parish at

Hodnet. His life there, which lasted for fifteen years, must have been idyllic. He had all the peace and comforts of a country squire, and he was beloved by all his parishioners.

Reginald Heber found time, too, for a project that lay close to his heart. More than fifty different hymnals were then in use in the Church of England. It was his idea that one should be compiled that should go along with the prayer book. Though he did not live to see his idea adopted, his attempts at supplying hymns for church singing brought him fame of a lasting nature.

He unquestionably became one of the greatest hymnists of the Protestant Church. To this form of composition he  
*(Continued on page 53)*



*By* JANE LYON

**N**OW Molly Hartman, who lived on a farm in Ford County, Illinois, had a center table—marble topped, but devoid of the prescribed articles. On Molly's table three books were neatly piled, there was also a sewing basket and a yellow-greenish goblet filled with pink verbenas. The goblet was the prize given to each purchaser of a can of well-advertised baking powder. In years to come, collectors would be combing the countryside for this prize, which would then be known as "vaseline glass."

Molly and Cephas Hartman had been married ten years. Two children were theirs, and while Molly was happy in her home life she was no nearer her dream of owning a beautiful Family Bible than she had been the day she was married. She persuaded herself it was hardly respectable—married ten years and bringing up two children without the influence of a Family Bible!

While Molly was accustomed to giving up and going without, this was a case where the desire to own such a Bible amounted to an obsession. It would not be downed. She could just *see* the kind of Bible she wanted: a big brown leather one, padded backs, large gold clasp, gilt edges, blank pages between the Old and

New Testament for family records—Marriages, Births, Deaths. And "Holy Bible" stamped in gold letters!

Molly was a hard worker, raising turkeys, chickens and ducks by the hundreds, selling eggs and feathers and butter, but she never received a penny in money. She "bartered" her produce at the general store where Mr. Weaver, the owner, took it in exchange for staple groceries, carpeting, muslin, thread, calico, outing flannel, shirting, blue drilling, yarn, shoes for the family and sometimes a hat, coat or suit.

Despite the quantity she brought to town there was never enough to get half the articles on her list. Turkeys brought 50 cents apiece, chickens 25 cents each, eggs 8 cents a dozen, butter 15 cents a pound. (The good old days!)

The grain Cephas sold went for interest on the mortgage, taxes, fences, or machinery. Year after year it was the same. All the small economies were practiced, but never was there any money ahead! Farm women of the "Elegant 80's" had little reading matter, little church or social life; only the drab monotony of work. No wonder Molly looked forward to owning a Family Bible to add a beauty-and-religion note to her life!

When a book agent in a high buggy behind a fast-stepping horse drove through the country taking orders for books to be delivered after harvest, Molly was easy prey. His talk of Morocco binding, padded covers, Old English lettering, puzzled Molly, but the price (twelve dollars) was perfectly clear. Did she dare order the Bible? She felt she had earned it many times over. But—what would Cephas say?

Aunt Sarah, Molly's sister from another country, who was visiting the Hartmans, advised Molly to assert herself. "If you don't, you'll never have things like your neighbors."

Perhaps Aunt Sarah was right. Maybe it was high time she asserted herself. Peace had meant everything to Molly. She had never gone against Cephas until now. But even in her deep desire to own The Book, she knew if she asked him he would think she was crazy! Pay \$12 for a Bible? Why, \$12 would almost buy a mule, or pay taxes or the doctor's bill they owed! No use to ask Ceph: he would forbid her spending the money. Besides, she knew he didn't have twelve dollars to his name! The only thing she could do was take a chance, order the Bible and trust in the Lord.

This policy was foreign to Molly, but

# Family Bible

The term "elegant," in the period referred to by writers of the present generation as "The Elegant 80's," must refer to the behavior pattern set by the social leaders of that day. Not to home furnishings. But there was one article of furniture that could be found in the homes of all well-regulated families, no matter what their financial status. There was always a center table! It usually stood in the middle of the parlor; without it, there could be no real home atmosphere. If the family had any claim whatever to neighborhood importance, four social necessities would be found on this center table. A stereoscope, a number of stereopticon views, an album with photographs of all the be whiskered relatives, a glass paperweight and last, but not least, a huge Family Bible!

the well-to-do sister talked as though paying twelve dollars was nothing at all. The agent was insistent. She would surely have the money when the time came. So, Molly ordered her Bible, family size, colored pictures, maps, Family Records, all complete in calf binding (Aunt Sarah preferred the Morocco but Molly stood firm for the cheaper binding), agreeing to pay \$12 when it was delivered at her door in about two weeks.

Molly marked the date in the almanac, and as day followed day, it was like going forward to her execution. Suddenly, the time had come. Aunt Sarah had gone home (without a loan of money, as Molly had secretly hoped), so Molly had to bear her cross alone. She faced Gethsemane a hundred times, her conscience continually accusing her!

She had considered every way and means of raising that \$12. Now the cruel fact dawned. Ceph would not have that much money and likely could not borrow it. What? Borrow money to buy a book? Never!

In the 1880's money was scarce. A farm family had good food, sufficient clothing, roof and heat, but for every dollar earned there were a dozen places to spend it. The Bible had become a nightmare; a secret sin; a hidden mystery. Maybe she would die before it was delivered, and sometimes, death seemed the only peaceful solution. Her nerves were ragged. She lost her appetite; she cried at little things. She blamed her predicament on Aunt Sarah, but when she was honest with herself she knew it was her own fault. She had let weakness get the upper hand.

If she heard a buggy stopping at the gate she became panicky. She thought of hiding when the agent came. Then one day without warning, Cephas entered the

know he is mistaken, but he insisted on speaking to you!"

What Molly wanted to say, and could not before a stranger was, "I've earned that Bible many times over since I married you ten years ago. I have to have a little beauty in my life, and to me that book means beauty, pride, sentiment and religion all in one. My children need the influence of a Bible in commanding form . . . It's the first time I've ever gone against you Ceph, the first time I've rebelled in all my life. . . ." No, she could say nothing of what her heart held. She knew of bills due and the notes to be met. And taxes that had to be paid.

Cephas had always been so kind and mild. This problem was beyond him. Molly was in an impossible position, but she knew she must face it. Looking her husband squarely in the eyes she said almost inaudibly, "Yes, I ordered it and I promised to pay twelve dollars."

Cephas was incredulous. He could not say before a stranger, "What could you have been thinking of to place me in debt for twelve dollars! Can't you read your small Bible and train your children by its teaching? Is not the wording of all Bibles the same?"

No, he could only stammer, "Wait a little 'til I go and see Ole," which was the most humiliating experience that could happen to either of them. Borrow money from the hired man! But it seemed the only avenue open and if he could not make a bargain with Ole . . .

(Continued on page 59)

*There was a mist in Cephas' eyes as he placed his hand on Molly's, saying, "We thank Thee, Lord, no entry here."*



# Happy Birthday

TO THIS DEPARTMENT—JUST ONE  
YEAR OLD WITH THIS ISSUE

## Tea-Time Chat

By MARTHA TODD

MAYTIME is birthday time! That may not be true in your home, but it's true for this department. Yes, we're one-year old this month, but we certainly don't feel any older. We are wiser and happier, however, because we've been able to make quite a few friends and through those letters of yours we have received many, many, good suggestions that I know have been useful to you because they have been so to us. To all my readers, I'd like to take this birthday number, to give you a present, a "thank-you" present for helping me and for staying with me.

If you want Martha Todd with you for another year, how about sitting down today and writing me a birthday card? I sound like a child asking for a present don't I, but then remember, I'm just one-year old. And I don't mean that I want you to say on your card: "Dear Martha, I hope you'll be writing 'Tea Time Chats' till the cows come home," because the editor might have visions of a stampede very shortly. That stampede can come, but in the form of letters from you describing one of the following things:

A project which brought fathers and sons together, working in the church.

A program of a father-and-son banquet.

How you brought your returned servicemen back into active church work,

any parties that you may have had for them.

Any reorganizing of church groups and why (never can tell when that's just the answer to someone's needs).

What attempts you are making to bring Boy and Girl Scouts in to closer contact with your church program.

I always welcome any program account which you found to be especially successful.

And of course any money-raising idea which proved itself. You know, everyone loves to be remembered on his or her birthday, and being the anxious type—I think the bobby-soxers would call me an "eager beaver"—I never let anyone forget mine, if I can help it. So I'm asking you to send me this kind of a birthday card, and I won't mind in the least if it's late. Just send your letters along and be sure to add what you'd like to see in this column, and what you could get along without, then my birthday greeting will be happy program insurance for you. How about it?

WELL, guess we'd better get down to cases now, and see what it is that many of you want, have asked me for. To be sure there is the steady stream of requests for program ideas, and since time has a way of slipping by (this last year certainly did) we'd better apprehend it

before these suggestions are of little value for this year. To the several readers who have asked for new ideas on the Mother-Daughter Banquet theme, here are a few thoughts to start your brain a-whirling, and when you've read these and adapted them for your own use, let me know how they worked, will you?

Everything about May is right for the Mother-Daughter Banquet. The fresh colors of spring flowers burst forth from all sides of the tablesetting, and this is one time of year when you don't have to worry about what you are going to use for decorating, there is plenty of material available, and anyone having a garden is only too happy to contribute to the festivity. Remember, some greens with those flowers . . . and this year, the proverbial "bunch of flowers" stuck in a vase and put in the middle of the table is out!

What about running a contest for the most novel floral arrangement? Let anyone, mother or daughter enter the contest. The only rules should be that every centerpiece be arranged either around candles or be provided with candles so that each table may have the dressiness that candles afford. And let's not give anybody a wrong idea, by calling them centerpieces, let's call them "attention pieces," because we want variety of arrangements and ideas. For instance, one of the contestants may want to make end-pieces, an arrangement at either end of the table; she might want to make a series of individual place settings—don't hamper her by calling the thing that she is to make a centerpiece.

I can just see that room, why it's turned out to be a combination flower show and banquet, and all those who have been hankerin' to let their imaginations go, have an outlet for them. You can either assign the tables to various members, or you can let them sign up, a combination of both of these methods will ferret out those who have a secret yen to express their artistic bent, and those who aren't shy will also have a chance. I can see the daughters taking over this phase because they love to fuss and often have the time, while the mothers have to pay attention to the bread-and-butter items of the party. Well, that's one idea for the top of your list.

Now that the tables are beautifully arranged, you'll have to have something appropriate to eat, so let's start dishing it out:

| MOTHER-DAUGHTER BANQUET MENU |                  |               |                           |
|------------------------------|------------------|---------------|---------------------------|
| Cream of Asparagus Soup      | Crisp Crackers   | Celery        | Spiced Watermelon Pickles |
| Smothered Spanish Steak      | Parsley Potatoes | Buttered Peas | Sunset Salad              |
| Strawberry Ice Cream         | Macaroons        | Coffee        |                           |

Recipes for the steak and the salad will be found at the end of this article.

Now that you've just eaten so heartily, let's see what the program for the evening calls for:

*Can You Remember?* The mothers get  
(Continued on page 51)

## We Quote

A DIGEST OF THE MONTH'S THINKING

IF MOSES had been a committee, the Israelites would still be in Egypt.

J. B. Hughes

\* \* \*

LESS than ten percent of Protestant clergymen possess the courage to preach a sermon on race relations in their churches.

Dr. Mark Dauber

\* \* \*

IT WAS Don Marquis who once said, "If you make people think they're thinking, they'll love you; but if you really make them think they'll hate you."

Fred Rodell

\* \* \*

NEVER in history has it been good for the common man when two or three conquerors divided the nations among themselves.

R. H. Markham

\* \* \*

TO MANY adults the Japanese (in the U.S.) were figures of mystery, and there flowed between them an undertide of distrust. Perhaps the mature and wise seniors could have taken a lesson from the callow school-child. In a California school one month after Pearl Harbor, a Japanese boy was elected president, despite the more insular-minded parents and teachers. This was democracy in practice. When they return to the life from which they were so abruptly torn, the American-Japanese are certainly entitled to all the respect which a free and democratic people can show them. We take it for granted that the Nisei will forgive us. They have committed no crime. Have we?

*Editorial in the Los Angeles "Collegian"*

\* \* \*

EVERY American—every one of us—traces his ancestry to some foreign land. As a nation, we owe our genius, our culture, our traditions, to nations all over the world.

Thomas E. Dewey

\* \* \*

IS IT any wonder we have difficulty attracting young people to the churches, when we depict religious leaders as grim and austere of countenance? Young people are repelled by such things but are drawn toward smiles and cheerfulness. Let us bear in mind that Jesus had a keen sense of humor and must have smiled freely, for he attracted the young.

Dr. George W. Crane

# When Baby's crankiness means "Childhood Constipation"



## ...give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your child is cross and cranky, and that crankiness comes from "Childhood Constipation"...the wise thing to do is this:

Give him Fletcher's Castoria. It's so gentle and safe, yet it works thoroughly and effectively. It won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

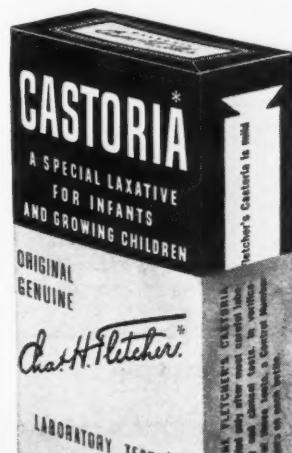
Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is especially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such

a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without forcing.

Get **Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug-store today. Look for the green band and laboratory control number on the package.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.



*Chas H. Fletcher*  
**CASTORIA**

The original and genuine



M A Y 1 9 4 6

# DAILY MEDITATIONS

## For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

## WEEK OF NEW BIRTH IN THE EARTH

WED. MAY 1 READ JOB 22

MARGARET BAILEY MILES wrote this suggestive little verse to bring peace to the souls of all who read it:

*I saw a little lake that lay so still  
It held, unmarred, the image of a hill—  
A mighty hill, immovable and old,  
Magnificent in purple, green and gold.  
  
Were I as tranquil as that lovely place,  
My little life might mirror God's own face.*

*Dear God of all beauty, peace and quiet, help us to hold ourselves hushed as a harp to the sound of Thy coming, to the low winds humming. Amen.*

THURS. MAY 2 READ SONG OF SOLOMON 2

MAY is the time of the earth's rebirth and it is also the logical time for the rebirth of the soul, for on this day God is at work on the miracle of quickening and awakening of grain and flower and tree. The poet Thomas Hood sang it this way in unforgettable words:

*'Tis like the birthday of the world,  
When earth was born in bloom;  
The light is made of many dyes,  
The air is all perfume;  
There's crimson buds; and white and blue,  
  
The very rainbow showers  
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,  
And sown the earth with flowers.*

*Dear Father of all beauty and wonder in the earth this May morning, quicken and awaken us also as Thou dost quicken and awaken the grain and tree and flower; awaken us to Thy power and presence. Amen.*

FRI. MAY 3 READ ISAIAH 26:1-10

LAST summer a friend of mine, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale was attending a

Dodger ball game with a famous church layman, Branch Rickey. Suddenly in the midst of the game, a green second baseman hesitated in what should have been a fast double play. "That kid's nervous," Rickey observed, "otherwise, his reaction would be automatic in a fast game. He just isn't a professional yet." "What's your idea of a professional?" Dr. Peale asked him. "A man who has control in a crisis," replied Mr. Rickey. But we Christians have another definition of what makes a human being able to have control in a crisis. It is found in the text of this morning's devotion.

*Dear heavenly Father, Thou who didst still the waves of stormtossed, tumultuous Galilee, give us this glorious May morning a sense of poise, power and peace in our souls so that we may face whatever crisis may come to us this day. Amen.*

SAT. MAY 4 READ I SAMUEL 27

SEVERAL years ago the natives of Samoa, including the dignified chieftains, made a road with their own hands which they called "The Road of the Loving Heart." That road led to the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom they loved and who was buried on their island. A good way to build a road for the devotional heart to God this day is to build that road with a loving heart in the mood that Phillips Brooks suggests: "If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's highway, I will place it there that coming generations may walk thereon to the Heavenly City."

*Dear kindly heavenly Father, this morning teach us the way to build and take "The Road of the Loving Heart" all through this day. Amen.*

SUN. MAY 5 READ THE LORD'S PRAYER

ONE evening, on a hilltop overlooking Jerusalem, I stood on the very spot where Jesus gave the "Lord's Prayer" to His disciples. There is an open rectangular temple there, with the open end facing the city and the west. On the walls of that temple, the "Lord's Prayer" is carved and painted in all the languages and dialects of the earth. This Sabbath is the opening day of National Family

Week. It is appropriate that we center our thoughts on this great family prayer today, that prayer which starts out with those immortally tender words: "Our Father," with its suggestion of the family—indeed the world family—in them.

*Our Father teach us this day that Thy children are all of one family the world over and that Thou art the head of the household of humanity. Amen.*

## NATIONAL FAMILY WEEK

MON. MAY 6 READ JOHN 15

NIXON WATERMAN, Boston poet, who was the Eddie Guest of his day and one of my long-time friends, was one of the most genial, friendly, kindly and loving persons I have ever known. He literally went about with a smile of love on his face because he had love in his heart. He left a trail of happiness behind him in Boston wherever he walked, and I think I know the secret of it, which I find in a little verse he sent me in the mail a few years ago. He calls it "Love's Victory":

*He swore he would get the better of me;  
I vowed the same toward my angry brother.  
Love called a truce in the strife, and we  
Each got the better of each other.*

*Dear kindly, loving, heavenly Father, help us this day to learn to get the better of those who are angry with us, or who hate us, by loving them back to our friendship in Thy name. Amen.*

TUES. MAY 7 READ JOHN 13:1-15

SINCE this is National Family Week it is good for us, in our devotions, to be thinking in terms of all the family, especially in terms of Mother, who usually does most of the menial chores of the home. Perhaps, many a time, in her heart she repeats that old phrase, "A man works from sun to sun; a woman's work is never done." Perhaps she even has a dream in her heart, with a chuckle in it such as Catherine Mallet Brown had when she sang: "There are fairies in the forest, there are fairies in the fen, but I'd like to see a fairy in the kitchen now and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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then. And, if I found it friendly, and regardful of my wishes, I'd read the morning papers while the fairy did the dishes."

But when all is said and done, we must remember, through our text and scriptures of this morning that Jesus himself dressed in the habiliments of a slave, got down on His knees and washed the feet of His disciples in utter humility, and that sanctified all common toil forever.

*Dear Lord of all labor in home and mart, help us this day to see a new dignity and grace in the tasks of love which we do in the home. Amen.*

WED. READ PROVERBS 31:10 to end  
MAY 8

SINCE we are considering this week the National Family, it is refreshing to read that immortal description of a good wife and mother in this Book and to catch her spirit. It is perhaps the greatest interpretation of what a homemaker should be that exists in all literature, either Biblical or secular. I have always thought of a home, no matter how humble, as a place full of flowers and I lived in such a home. I have seen the homes of poor coalminers and steel workers with geraniums and other flowers beautifying the smoky West Virginia and Pennsylvania hillside cabins. This is the spirit of the little James Terry White poem:

*If thou of fortune be bereft  
And in thy store there be but left  
Two loaves, sell one and with the  
dole  
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.*

Dear God of all beauty, color and perfume, help us to beautify with growing things our homes and our hearts this glorious May morning. Amen.

THURS. READ PSALM 113  
MAY 9

A FEW years ago, I wrote a little "Beatitude for Mothers," and since we are continuing National Family Week in our devotions, here it is: "Blessed are the mothers of the earth for they have combined the practical and the spiritual into one workable way of human life. They have darned little stockings, mended little dresses, washed little faces, and have pointed little eyes to the stars and little souls to eternal things."

*Dear Master, Thou who didst wash Thy disciples feet in the long ago days, help us to know that all lowly tasks of home are high and holy tasks in Thy name. Amen.*

FRI. READ 1 TIM. 5  
MAY 10

STILL in the spirit of National Family Week, leading up to our Mothers' Day (*Continued on page 42*)

# WARNING!



## Unless YOU act . . . civilization itself may die

Nazi Germany denied Christianity. And the prison camps at Buchenwald, Maidanek, Dachau are the result.

Japan is pagan. And the atrocities of Bilibid, Santo Tomas, Cabanatuan reflect its godlessness.

Let us be warned. Unless the spirit of Christianity is reawakened where now dormant—kindled where now unknown—these areas of world decay, like disease in the human tissue, may spread through civilization.

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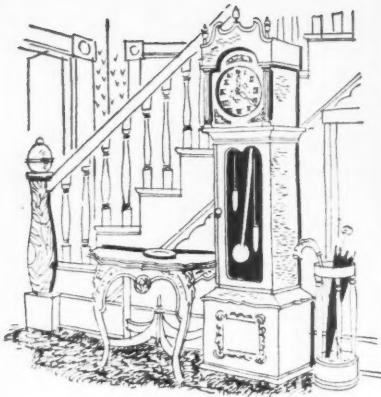
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## It's been a long, long time

Yes, it was long ago that Grandfather wound up the old clock in the hall for the last time. But to everyone who knew him it seems like yesterday... their memories of the grand old man are with them always... his spirit ticks steadily on, like Grandfather's clock.

And to perpetuate their memory of him, a marble memorial of timeless beauty has been placed in his honor... a memorial that will live through the ages—a monument carved in nature's most beautiful stone—Vermont Marble. Down through the years, this symbol of love will be with him—always.

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# Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

### May Morning

● Before us lies a letter from Dr. William L. Stidger. In part, it reads:

"It must have been May morning when the world was born," is the title of a poem written by Dr. Earl Marlatt, one of my Boston University School of Theology colleagues. To me, the event of this new assignment to write the "Daily Meditations" in CHRISTIAN HERALD has the spirit of a May morning in it . . . I want these daily talks to bring a sense of peace, a mood of prayer, an awareness of God. I know the readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD; I have been part of the family for more than twenty-five years, and I shall be aware of you as I write these Meditations. And I shall be aware too of the Heavenly Father sitting at my side. I shall send forth these pages with a prayer in my heart that they shall make you feel that "It must have been May morning when the world was born . . ."

Dr. Stidger takes over this department from Dr. Clovis Chappell, who pleads a too-heavy schedule—which indeed he has! We shall miss Dr. Chappell. We welcome Dr. Stidger—old friend of the readers of this magazine, minister of national reputation, teacher beloved, writer extraordinary, poet, traveller, Christian gentleman. Under him, this department will glow and sparkle; he has the magic touch.

His first contribution appears this month. Welcome home, Dr. Stidger!

### Why Editors Go Crazy

Dear Editor:

Can't we have a little more ink in the CHRISTIAN HERALD? Many of us who read it are not young. . . . Springfield, Ill.

M. E. Dickson

Dear Editor:

Can't you give us a little more color and a little less black ink in CHRISTIAN HERALD? A lot of your pages look as though you were in mourning for somebody. Are you? San Francisco, Cal.

George Stephens

Dear Editor:

You've got too much color in your magazine. Give us more good old black-and-white. We can read that. Cleveland, Ohio

Frances Merchant

Dear Editor:

Why do you take up so much space with pictures? Why don't you give that room to reading? We don't care much about pretty girls and old women in deaconesses' bonnets. Give us food for our minds! Nashville, Tenn.

Henry Chitterton

Dear Editor:

I think the pictures and drawings are the



DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

best part of your magazine.  
Boston, Mass.

Anne Hobart

● Well, you don't have to be crazy to be an editor, but it certainly helps!

### Quizzes

Dear Editor:

Why don't you run the Bible Quiz any more? We miss it so. We were using it in our Sunday-school class. . . . Rome, Mich.

Mrs. Andrew Miller

● That one may come back. And we are planning one we think you'll like even better—an illustrated "What's-my-name?" feature on religious characters. Watch for it!

### One Man's Meat . . .

Dear Editor:

If the Rev. H. C. Chapin hasn't had a million letters protesting his letter in the HERALD, then there just haven't been very many who read "Papa Was A Preacher." I'm afraid Rev. Chapin is just like our Presbyterian preacher here—no sense of humor at all!

G. F. P.

Dear Editor:

Please put me down as another reader who agrees with Rev. Chapin that "Papa Was A Preacher" is a contemptible caricature on the Protestant parsonage. . . .

Rev. David Wallace

● We've purposely withheld the names of the towns from which these

letters come, for obvious reasons. "Papa" still haunts us. It's funny, the way things go in a magazine. This story made one of the most popular books ever published by Abingdon-Cokesbury (the Methodist publishing house). Methodists seemed to enjoy it, coast to coast. But when we printed it in the HERALD, members of almost every other denomination scolded us for it. Maybe magazines are just different, somehow. We can't figure out just how.

Anyway, Papa's gone. Let's get on to something else.

### Adam Can't Help Us Now

Dear Editor:

There may be a million years between the first few verses of Genesis. There may have been men before Adam, but Adam was given a living soul in 4004 B.C. According to the Bible the others had the status of animals. Probably the flood was caused by a melting of one of the rings of Saturn. . . .

Lecompton, Kans.

No Name

• We live and learn! But this isn't the way we get it from the Bible scholars; they say now that the writer or writers of Genesis mean exactly what they say when they use the word "day"—and they definitely didn't mean a million years! And men before Adam? Not in our Genesis.

But why worry about it, now? We're all sitting on top of an atomic bomb that Genesis doesn't even mention. Adam can't help us now!

### Drinking in the Services

Dear Editor:

It was disappointing to note in the current issue of the CHRISTIAN HERALD that not one of the members of the Motion Picture Council had anything to say about the shameful desecration of the fine uniforms of our hard-hitting officers and Navy men in the movie "They Were Expendable," by representing them—or rather misrepresenting our Navy officers as a lot of beer and whiskey drinkers. . . .

Athens, Ohio R. B. Gustafson

• We sympathize with reader Gustafson's repulsion; but we wonder about the "misrepresentation." That picture starred Robert Montgomery—who fought in the Navy in the Pacific, and who should know what happened out there. I'm afraid, Mr. Gustafson, whether we like it on the screen or not, that we haven't heard the whole truth yet about beer, whiskey and the services!

### Correction

• An editorial mistake in "Three Cities To The South," March, caused the monument to San Martin outside Mendoza, Argentina, to be called "Christ of the Andes." The latter is located on top of a pass on the Peru-Argentine border. This was not Dr. Elmer's error. Our apologies to him and the readers.

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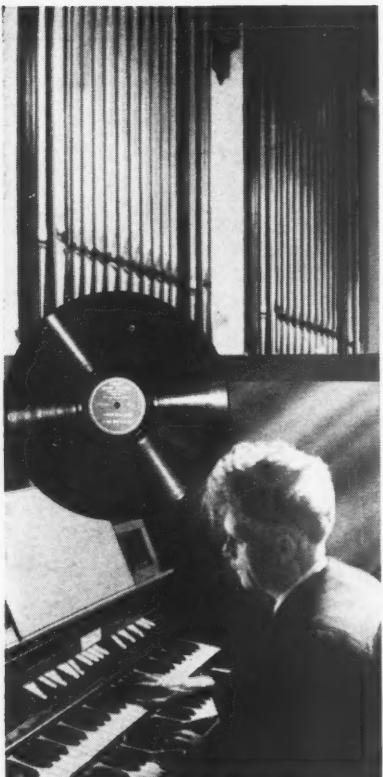
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### DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 39)

celebration in our devotional meditations, let us consider another phase of home life in this text and, add to that a beautiful verse from our own Grace Noll Crowell entitled "So Long as There are Homes":

*So long as there are homes to which men turn  
At close of day;  
So long as there are homes where children are,  
Where women stay;  
If love and loyalty and faith be found  
Across these sills,  
A stricken nation can recover from Its greatest ills.*

*Dear Father of our homes, our homeland and our heavenly home, help us to remember these transition days between war and peace; that Thou art our Father. Amen.*

SAT. MAY 11 READ DEUT. 4:1-10

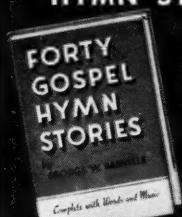
THIS is the day before Mothers' Day, which is celebrated all over the nation this week. In our devotions we are considering the spiritual values of home, fatherhood, brotherhood and motherhood, as those great institutions are recognized and sanctioned by the Bible. One of the great spiritual functions of Motherhood and the Home is the teaching function and I have tried to express that in a little verse: "He who gives a child a book, gives that child a sweeping look through its pages down the ages; gives that child a ship to sail where the far adventures hail down the seas of Destiny; gives that child a vision, wide as the skies where stars abide, clear and bright through the night; gives that child great dreams to dream; sunlit ways that flash and gleam where the sages tramp the ages."

*Dear Master, Thou who wert called the "Great Teacher," help us to remember that in the home one of the great functions of spiritual service is the teaching function. Amen.*

SUN. MAY 12 READ JOHN 2:1-11

IN VICTOR HUGO'S "Ninety Three" there is a beautiful mother story. The scene happens just after the French Revolution and French people are starving. Two soldiers are walking through a devastated field. The captain sees a stirring in a briar patch and orders the corporal to run his bayonet into the patch. He does so and out walks an emaciated mother with two children all of whom are starving and in hiding. The French captain reaches into his knapsack, takes out

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MAY

a long loaf of bread, hands it to the mother. The mother breaks it into two pieces and hands a piece to each child. The corporal says to the captain: "It is because the mother is not hungry, Sir." The captain, wiser in the ways of a mother, replies: "No, it is because she is a mother, corporal."

*Dear Father of all mercies, hungers and affections, teach us these days to have that mother's spirit when we think of all the hungry little children of the world today. Amen.*

WEEK OF "THE LOOK AHEAD"

MON. ! READ PHIL. 3:13 to end  
MAY 13

EDWIN MARKHAM, the great poet, at 80 wrote in my home a poem which he called "The Look Ahead" which has the very heart of that devotional text in it:

*I am done with the years that were;  
I am quits;  
I am done with the dead and old.  
They are mines worked out,  
I delved in their pits;  
I have saved their grain of gold.*

*Now I turn to the future for wine  
and bread;  
I have bidden the past adieu.  
I laugh and lift hands to the years  
ahead;  
"Come on, I am ready for you!"*

*Dear God of all ages and the ageless,  
help those of us who are young to thank  
Thee for all that life holds for us and  
those of us who are older grown, to thank  
Thee for the immortality that unfolds  
before us in the heavenly reaches. In  
Thy blessed name. Amen.*

TUES. ! READ GENESIS 1 All Week  
MAY 14

DOWN in Washington beside the Hall of Archives stands a statue. It is a young girl sitting in a bronze chair, idly leafing through a huge book. She has come almost to the end of that book. But the statue of the girl in itself is not the significant thing. The significant thing is a sentence carved on the granite pedestal on which that statue rests: "All That Is Past Is But Prologue!" This week in our devotions the theme is "The Look Ahead." That is what we greatly need to be taking these days for, "All that is past in our world, in our nation, in our own Christian lives (because we believe in immortality) is but prologue." That is the great hope of the Christian religion.

*Dear God of all pasts and futures, we thank Thee this sunny May that this is the beginning of new life in the earth, in our nation, and in our own hearts. We thank Thee for "The Look Ahead." Amen.* (Continued on next page)



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WED.  
MAY 15

READ GENESIS 1

ROBERT BROWNING has a tremendous two-line poem which reads: "Put in the plow, and plant the great hereafter in the now." As we meditate on this May morning when all the earth is going through that first creation process which God instituted in the beginning through His creative powers, let us remember that, just as He planted the great hereafter of the human race on that immortal morning, so is it our sublime task to plant the "hereafter in the now" of children and youth in our homes and in our schools; that what has been handed to us must be handed on to them; that we too must plant the now with the hereafter of the dream of the immortality that God came to bring to us through His creation and through the death of our Christ of Calvary.

Dear Father of all time and timelessness, help us to remember this day, that in the spirit of Spring and in the spirit of the sower who went forth to sow, that we shall "Put in the plow and plant the great hereafter in the now." Amen.

THURS.  
MAY 16

READ GENESIS 1

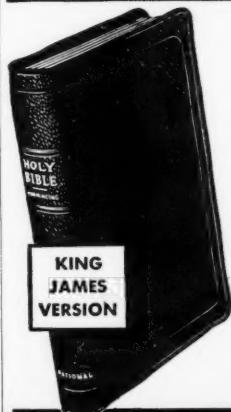
EDWIN MARKHAM used to come to Boston University School of Theology. One morning he got up in chapel and read the first chapter of Genesis saying to that group of students and Biblical authorities: "You fellows don't know how to read the first chapter of the Bible. Here is the way to read that great line. You read it with the emphasis on the word 'was.' I read it with the emphasis on the word 'Light.' Here is the way to read it: "God said, Let there be light, and there was LIGHT! When he said that word 'Light,' he yelled it so that the chapel roof almost lifted from its Gothic pillars. Neither the teachers nor the young men ever forgot that lesson in elocution and public utterance. Even to this day the Old Testament professor, Dr. Elmer Leslie, still talks with reverence of the old poet's interpretation of that verse. "And there was LIGHT!"

Dear God of all darkness and light, we thank Thee that Thou didst divide the darkness into dawn, and spring, light, love and laughter for us. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

FRI.  
MAY 17

READ GENESIS 1

IN MY heart and in yours this bright May morning, at the beginning of the period of all growing things, comes the haunting refrain of an old verse by Madeline Bridges, and it is a good thought for our devotional period on this week when we are all taking "The Look Ahead."



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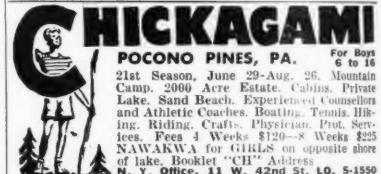
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*Every day is fresh beginning  
Every morn is the world made  
new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and  
grieving  
Here is a wonderful hope for me;  
A hope for me and a hope for you.*

That was the spirit of that immortal May morning when God created the evening and the morning of the first day; so why should it not be for us this May morning? It must have been a May morning when the world was made!

*Dear Father of all creation, dawn and  
Springtime; we thank Thee that Spring  
in our singing souls this morning as we  
start forth into the world. Amen.*

SAT. ! READ GENESIS 1  
MAY 18

THOMAS CARLYLE once said a great thing for people who are in a devotional spirit contemplating the beginnings of things and taking "The Look Ahead." This is what he said: "Our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." What a heartening and helpful slogan for this week, as we take "The Look Ahead"; not to look so far ahead that we miss the meaning of this day, or we shall be caught in the plight of the man of whom it was said: "He looked importantly about him, while all the world went on without him."

*Dear God of today and tomorrow and  
of all days, help us to take "The Look  
Ahead" but never to forget to see what is  
going on this very morning, this minute,  
this second at our feet and in our homes,  
Amen.*

SUN. ! READ PSALM 40  
MAY 19

THIS is our week of affirmations in our devotional theme. This week we search out those promises and affirmations which give us spiritual hope, faith and strength; those things which give us assurance. In these turbulent, tempestuous transition times we have a right to buttress our souls with what comfort and help we may get from God. Here is a comforting word from the poet Herrick: "And this for comfort thou must know, times that are ill wont still be so. Clouds will not ever pour down rain; a sullen day will clear again!" These transition days, days of international bickerings, strikes and lockouts, sacrifices and anxieties, will not last forever. So let us Christians stand up and rejoice in the hope and faith that is within us.

*Dear God of all Faith and Hope and  
Love, give us courage, give us strength  
this day to know that Thou art still run-  
ning the universe and that all is ulti-  
mately well with us. Amen.*

(Continued on next page)

MAY 1946

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MON. MAY 20 READ REVELATION 3

**HOLD** fast this day with Charles Kingsley: "No cloud across the sun but passes at the last and gives us back the face of God once more!" Hold fast this day to this thought from Longfellow: "Wherein a noble deed is wrought, wherein is spoken a noble thought, our hearts in glad surprise to higher levels rise!"

*Our dear Master of Mankind, we thank Thee that we can always remember that no matter how dark the clouds, the sun still shines; that real happiness comes in content and riches of the mind; and that the noble deed is the lofty test. Amen.*

TUES. MAY 21 READ JOHN 16:22-28

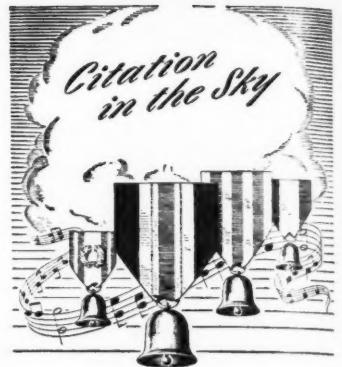
**YOUR** heart shall rest in a great assurance, shall have a great affirmation within, and "Your heart shall rejoice," if you, with Whittier: "Follow with reverent steps the great example of Him whose holy work was doing good. So shall the wide earth seem our Father's Temple, each loving life a Psalm of gratitude." "Your heart shall rejoice," if in the spirit of Charles Kingsley you: "Do today's duty, fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."

*Dear Heavenly Father of us all, be with us lest we go astray and forget that this earth is Thy Heavenly Temple.*

WED. MAY 22 READ MARK 6:1-6

**ASSURANCE** and affirmation, remember, is our week's thought. We need that in these uncertain, transition days. If we read the newspapers we would think that the world is still at war. It is like a great ocean after a storm. Remember? The ship had tossed and rolled for a week. Then one morning you went on deck and the sky was cloudless, blue and sunny. The storm was over and your heart rejoiced. Yet, was the rolling over? It decidedly was not over! Even though the sky was blue, clear and sunny, the ship still rolled and tossed; and you were still seasick. Sure enough, an ocean doesn't calm down after a five years' storm of war. We must not get too impatient. In due time the world will calm down as does the sea, but it takes time and God, who, through Jesus Christ, calmed the sea of Galilee: "Mighty works are wrought by His hands."

*Dear God of all power and prophecy, we thank Thee for the assurance and the affirmation that Thou canst subdue the tumultuous ocean and the unrest in our souls. Amen.*



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THURS.  
MAY 23

READ HEBREWS 6:10-20

THERE is something of assurance and faith; of affirmation and comfort in a ship that has come in from a stormy sea and is anchored safely in the harbor. I have always loved that old hymn of childhood, "My anchor holds, my anchor holds." I still like to sing it in middle-age for I grew up on the river. We used to go out into the deep of the Ohio river to fish. One day we anchored our boat and started to fish. In half an hour the sky clouded over and one of those quick, dangerous and terrible summer storms swept down on us. The little boat rocked and twisted; the water splashed in; and I was frightened, when my father said a reassuring thing: "Our anchor is tight and it will hold, son!" I think that is why I love that old hymn, "My anchor holds!" That is also why we should all love that text "We have an anchor of the soul," because it also is connected with our Heavenly Father.

*Our dear Pilot of all the stormtossed seas of the world, we thank Thee that we have in Thee an anchor of the soul. Amen.*

FRI.  
MAY 24

READ II COR. 9:1-18

REMEMBER it is assurance and affirmation this week in our devotionals. The text has it: "God is able to make all grace abound." Remembering that text, take to heart this word from Robert Browning: "Take what is, trust what may be; that's life's true lesson." Remembering that text, listen to Longfellow: "If thou art worn and hard beset with sorrows, thou wouldest fain forget, if thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep, go to the woods and hills; no tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears." Longfellow was right, for it is only by going into some quiet place where we can hear God's voice, that we remember: "God makes all grace abound."

*Dear Father of all life and of all places, help us to seek out some quiet place where we may see Thee face to face and hear Thy voice reminding us that Thou truly canst make all grace abound. Amen.*

SAT.  
MAY 25

READ HEB. 10:16 to end

THERE is always something reassuring and affirmative in the promises and the covenants of God and Christ to men; from the rainbow to the ascension of Christ up into heaven; and His saying, "That where I am there ye may be also." Here is one of the covenants of God from Henry Van Dyke: "Never more thou needest seek me; I am with thee every-

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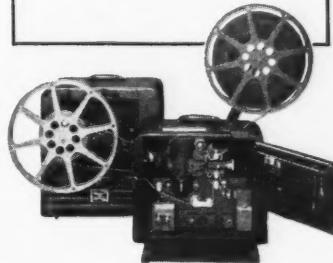
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where; raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and I am there." Here is another of God's promises and covenants sent through Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "God's friendship is a sheltering tree." Here is another of God's covenants expressed through an unknown poet: "Over our hearts and into our lives shadows will sometimes fall; but the sunshine is never wholly dead, and heaven is shadowless overhead; and God is over all."

Dear God of all sunshine and all shadows, we thank Thee that when the shadows hover over us, we may remember that "God is over all." Amen.

SUN. MAY 26 READ MATTHEW 9:27-35

THIS last week of May in our devotions is to be Faith Week and we shall run the theme through to Memorial Day. An unknown writer once said that "Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next," and that is but an echo of the great words of our text this morning: "According to your faith be it unto you." One day my friend, Edwin Markham, when he was 87 wrote me a pathetic and yet a victorious letter. He died that week. That letter read in part: "Dear William, I am standing on the brink of eternity. My doctor says that I have not many days to live. I can feel the wind of the next world on my cheeks, but I want you to know, my dearest friend, that I have faith to believe that it's a good wind that blows." That is what I call a great faith; and I wrote back to my friend: "According to your faith be it unto you."

Dear Father of our faith, we thank Thee that Thou do always keep shining before our vagrant human footsteps the kindly light of Faith. Amen.

### WEEK OF FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP

MON. MAY 27 READ MATTHEW 16:13-28

TO THAT question Simon Peter, that valiant spirit, answered with a shout upon the hills: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the Living God!" That was an answer; just what Jesus wanted. That was loyalty; that was understanding; that was faith! Peter in that answer had what Henry Ward Beecher called "Faith is nothing but spiritualized imagination." A definition of faith which fits Peter well when we remember his denial of Jesus is that of Hare: "The power of faith will often shine forth the most when the character is naturally weak." This definition also interprets Peter and through him most of us in our relation to Christ. George MacDonald said: "A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above all fear."

Dear God of our hope and of our faith, of our dreams and of our uncertainties—give us such faith as will lift us above all anxiety, uncertainty and fear. Amen.

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TUES.  
MAY 28

READ II COR. 12:7-11

WHAT a heartening and a hope there is in the text for this day! One modern poet sings it: "Not truth, but faith it is that keeps the world alive. If, all at once faith were to slacken—that unconscious faith which must, I know, yet be the cornerstone of all believing—the birds now flying fearless, would drop in terror to the earth; fishes would drown; and the all-governing reins would tangle in the frantic hands of God and the world would gallop headlong to destruction!" Indeed several weeks and months in the last five years we have had the feeling that we had lost faith in each other, nation in nation, race in race, faith in God and man and that the world was about to "gallop headlong to destruction." Then we remembered, at the last minute, that God said: "My grace is sufficient for Thee."

*Dear God of all humanity, help us never again to forget in this wild world that "Thy Grace shall be sufficient for us." Amen.*

WED.  
MAY 29

READ I COR. 16:13 to end

I HAVE always liked the faith expressed in the great hymn: "I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air; I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care." I like it because that was the kind of a faith my long-time friend, Eddie Rickenbacker had in his wartime episode when he was adrift in the Pacific. I wrote a piece about it for CHRISTIAN HERALD which I called "God Was On Our Raft." What Eddie actually said was: "We never stopped praying and God was with us on our raft all the time. I could feel Him there! I'm a practical type of man, but I was sure of that. God was on our raft! That was my faith and I stuck to it. That is my story now and I stick to it."

*Dear Father of the land and sea, the valleys and mountain peaks, the days and nights, help us to watch and stand fast in our faith; to quit us like men; to be strong! Amen.*

THURS.  
MAY 30

READ LUKE 22:19 to end

THIS is Memorial Day in the nation and we shall celebrate it this year with a deeper sacredness, for so many hundreds of thousands of our homes have new graves to decorate and fresh memories to keep. It is befitting that we should do so, because Jesus commended it unto us. He Himself wanted to be remembered by His closest friends, and so will our dead. Even Cicero said: "The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living." Rogers sang it for us: "Hail, Memory, Hail! In thy exhaustless mine from age-

# What to do with money that must pay you a sure return

ARE YOU, like so many Christians today, facing that important question? You want to look ahead with confidence, knowing you can depend upon a regular check to help meet the needs of later years. Yet you'd like to do more for the cause of Christ, too . . .

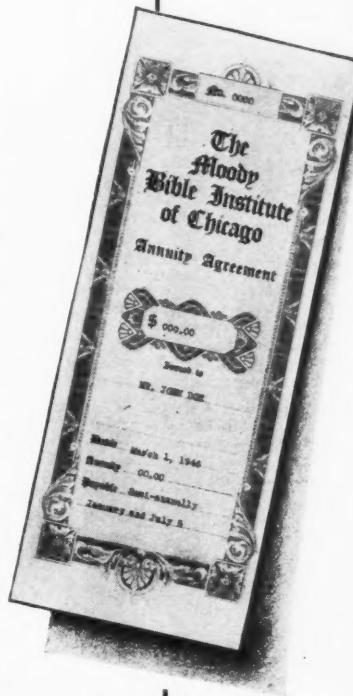
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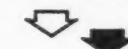
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to age unnumbered treasures shine." Bayard Taylor sang it more in keeping with this day when he said: "Sleep soldier, still in honoured rest; thy truth and valor bearing, the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Dear God of all memories, we thank Thee that Thy son didst say: "Do this in remembrance of me" and that, in so doing, we also may sing and pray and remember our immortal dead and lay the flowers of our love on their graves to keep them alive in the spiritual world of our affections. Amen.

FRI. MAY 31 READ II COR. 2:5-7

A FAMOUS businessman, T. L. Cuyler, who had a great faith in God said something which lifts up our hearts this May day with hope: "God does not give us ready money. He issues promissory notes, and then pays them when faith presents them at the throne. Each one of us has a checkbook."

Dear Father of all faith and fulfillments, we thank Thee for the assurance that Thy promises in Thy Book has brought to us. Amen.

#### STREET CORNER SALVATION

(Continued from page 14)

bonnets, were knocked down and kicked while the police stood looking on. Saloonkeepers sometimes paid gangs of thugs to beat up these workers. But if the hoodlums and the drunks were hauled into court, the Salvation Army members would refuse to press charges against them; instead, they would kneel down and pray for the toughs who had beaten and kicked them; then they would go out and bring food to their wives!

Is it any wonder that, after years of such service, a Bishop of England exclaimed: "I thank God for William Booth!" For the time came at last when the Salvation Army banner was honored and respected all over the world. And William Booth's army was the only one that ever invaded eighty-two different countries and was welcomed like a heavenly host!

When William Booth died, burned out and blind at the age of eighty-three, the Lord Mayor of London walked at his funeral. Kings and queens of Europe, as well as the President of the United States, sent flowers for his casket. Sixty-five thousand people thronged the London streets to pay their last respects as his body went by. The Salvation Army, five thousand strong, swung along behind their general, singing hymns of joy. They didn't mourn him as though he were dead; they said this man had been "promoted to Glory."

And who shall say that they were wrong? For he had "used up all there was of William Booth" in the service of humanity.

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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(Continued from page 36)

together and decide upon a particular well-remembered childhood prank that one of the daughters played on her mother. The mothers confront the daughters and act out the prank and the daughters have to guess. For example, the mothers say, "Do you remember?" and then proceed to act out the prank of cutting up a new silk slip to make a doll's dress, or running away from school to escape a history test. If the daughters guess correctly it is their turn to try one out on the mothers, which might be something along this line—forgetting a cake and burning it, or the minister calls when mother is in the midst of cleaning the cellar. Failing to guess the act means the acting side puts on another stunt after *first* disclosing the identity of the one they were performing. It's quite a stunt to repeat the same prank merely changing the act, then the opposite side will find it twice as difficult to guess the identity.

*A New Name, Please!* Pass pencil and paper to mothers and daughters. Each puts her name at the top of a sheet. The daughters write on their slips the name they wish their mothers had bestowed upon them in infancy. The mothers, on the other hand, write the name they would now give their daughters if it were possible to change names, and in addition each gives a reason for the change. The slips are collected and sorted so that a mother's and daughter's name suggestions are together. Then someone reads them in pairs; for example, Mrs. Wilson suggests her daughter's name be changed to Esmeralda because she has grown to be the exact duplicate of her great-aunt. The daughter suggests her name be changed to Ginger as the actress by that name happens to be her passion for the moment. Some suggestions will cause a riot.

*Bringing Up Mother:* This will create plenty of laughter, as it is a standing joke that daughters have a grand time bringing up their mothers when it comes to style and mannerisms. A leader stands in the center of the group and points to one of the mothers saying: "What would you do to bring up Mother?" The mother immediately answers by giving away a pet peeve of her daughter, such as "I'd improve Mother by making her wear shorter skirts." The idea works both ways and the daughters should have a turn giving away the mothers. To a daughter, "How would you bring up Doris?" The answer might be, "She'd go to bed earlier." Or, "She'd turn on my favorite Home Forum program rather than horrid swing music."

*Song Contest:* Daughters and mothers take turns selecting songs they all join in singing. Then the two sides take turns singing the songs that they like best, and they sing them at the same time.

(Continued on next page)

## HOW TO FACE THE MUSIC —and like it!



### 9. A. M. "Imagine me auditioning—

the way I feel!" exclaims the young radio hopeful who is feeling sick and headachy due to the need of a laxative.

"We'll fix that, or I miss my bet," says her husband, who knows a thing or two. "Leave it to me—I'll mix you a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica."



### 11 A. M. She gets the contract!

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To go back a moment to the decorations—since daughter has younger legs and can climb the ladder more easily, why not have her decorate the room, but I mean really decorate, so pass this on to her and don't you look until the night of the banquet.

Hi, girls! This is one time when you as a group, have a chance to show your mothers just how much you think of them, so why not give that room a May Queen Trim? Then if she, way back in her school days felt piqued because they didn't choose her Queen of the May, you can show her that she is the Queen of your heart. Now for some concrete suggestions for that May Queen Trim. Let's get out the crepe paper and start for the lights. Make a wire hoop for each light and fit it around the globes, pin pastel streamers to the hoop, placing them close together. Trim a nice length for the height of the room. Paste a row of flowers, cutting out scalloped rounds of varying sizes and of varying colors and twist together, trim entire hoop with flowers.

At the windows, make May Poles. Each pole is formed of heavy cardboard, 4 inches wide, and may be reinforced by heavy wire and held in place with gummed tape. Bend wire for hoop across the top of the window and fasten to sides of the windows with wire and screws, decorate the hoop similarly to the lights. For the May Pole, wrap band of cardboard with wide strips of green paper, then wrap with a strip of pink crepe and wind diagonally so that green shows between the pink. On hoop which goes across the window paste streamers of paper and attach ends to sides of window with Scotch tape, decorate with paper flowers as with windows. The doorways should be given the same treatment of flowered bands and streamers hanging and draped to the sides of the door jams. All in all the effect will be that of a bower of May flowers and form a very lovely setting for the banquet.

Before I give you the recipes for the food, I'd like to tell you that for part of next month's department, we are going to outline a graduation party which a reader sent to me, and this could be very nicely used by your Christian Endeavor Society to honor its graduates.

**SMOTHERED SPANISH STEAK**  
(Serves 25)  
6½ lbs. round steak, ¼ lb. margarine or  
1 inch thick butter  
25 slices onion ½ cup flour  
25 rings of pepper 4 medium cans cream  
1 small bottle stuffed olives of tomato soup

Cut steak into 25 portions. Salt and sear well on both sides. Arrange in baking pan. On top of each steak place a slice of onion, a ring of pepper, and one olive. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Melt butter or margarine in saucepan, add flour and blend. Add soup and cook in a moderate oven 350 degrees for 1½ hours or until tender. Just double this recipe for 50 servings.

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**SUNSET SALAD**

(Serves 50)

|                          |                                           |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1 packages lemon gelatin | 3 quarts finely grated carrots            |
| 1/2 cups boiling water   | 1/2 No. 10 can crushed pineapple, drained |
| 1/2 cup vinegar          | 2 teasp. salt                             |
| 3 quarts pineapple juice | Mayonnaise                                |

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar and pineapple juice or water. Chill. When gelatin thickens, add carrots, pineapple and salt. Pour into shallow pans and chill until firm. Serve in nests of crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Cut salad in squares with a knife dipped in hot water.

**MISSIONARY HYMN**

(Continued from page 33)

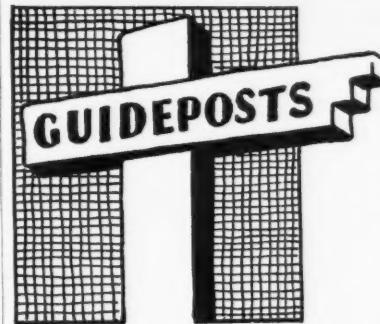
brought a supreme talent, and a mere glance through a modern hymnal will show how much worshippers owe to Reginald Heber. Besides "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," one finds his tender Christmas hymn "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," his majestic "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," his exquisite "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," his solemn communion hymn "Bread of the World in Mercy Broken," and his triumphant "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." Each carries a different message, but all have a place in Christian worship.

The most remarkable fact about this great hymnwriter's career was its close. At the very last he exchanged the quiet of a rural parish for the arduous duties of the missionary field. Twice the call had come to become Bishop of Calcutta, and twice it had been refused. But the last time he reconsidered, and acceptance followed.

Then followed the busiest three years he had ever known. Bishop Heber's diocese included, not only India, but Ceylon and Australia as well. He was continually moving from parish to parish; besides preaching and confirmation services, there was an endless amount of administrative work.

Without a doubt, the load was too great. On a hot, steaming day in April, 1826, Bishop Heber came to Trichinopoly for special services. There were conferences and meetings, and he was occupied every minute. The next day began with another full program. Seeking relief from the fearful heat, the Bishop went for a swim in a private bathing pool. Several minutes passed, and when his master did not appear, the servant investigated. To his horror he found his master's body lying under the water: Bishop Heber had died from a blood vessel bursting in the brain.

There was universal sorrow when the news reached England. From the highest to the lowliest, all mourned the passing of this great Christian. Perhaps some remembered another thing: Bishop Heber had not only written the greatest missionary hymn of his age, but he had laid down his life in the cause to which his inspired lines were dedicated.



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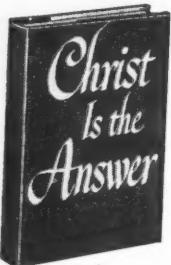
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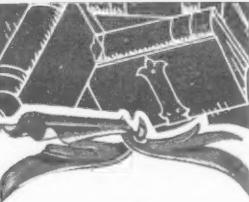
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The

NEW BOOKS

By

DANIEL A. POLING

IN ITS field, the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is far and away the book of the year, save only that it leaves the reader with a sob of regret. The last two decades are missing. The younger White, who has a pen of his own, has done a summary chapter on these last two decades. He has gathered together vivid and characteristic sentences, editorials and personal letters, but he was in a hurry. He should have taken more time and done a better job.

What writing this is! Sweetness and light, love and laughter, the very philosophy of wit and humor, from a deep reservoir of a man who, more than any other, I think, was the composite American citizen. The first Roosevelt is his White Knight, but he was the understanding and searching friend of many great men and great women. He was a family man too and though he would deny it, I think that he was the perfect husband. I met him on a number of occasions. I sat with him through one National Presidential Convention. I saw him last when we dined together in the home of a New York friend. I rode with him and Mrs. White from Shanghai to Nanking in 1935 and spent a never-to-be-forgotten night with him in Peiping just before Christmas that year. Mrs. White had been hurried to the hospital and he was disturbed and anxious. We talked until dawn with Hu-Shih, then Professor of Philosophy—or was it Romance Languages?—in the University of Peiping.

William Allen White was at once one of the kindest and wisest men I have ever known. His editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas" made him famous, but for the rest of his life his steadily maturing fame helped make Kansas and America. First and preeminently he was American—an American without guile and always a world citizen. For me the most eloquent and poignant writing of this autobiography is in the concluding paragraphs of the chapter titled, "The Downhill Pull." It begins: "Sally and I came home in mid spring of 1923," and it concludes with sentences which refer to the Bull Moose Convention of 1912. He is looking back "more than thirty years," looking back to well-remembered "eager faces," and he says: "And now they are dust, and all the visions they saw that day have dissolved. Their hopes, like shifting clouds, have blown away before the winds of circumstance. And I wonder if it did matter much. Or is there somewhere, in the stuff that holds hu-

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manity together, some force, some conservation of spiritual energy, that saves the core of every noble hope, and gathers all men's visions some day, some way, into the reality of progress? I do not know. But I have seen the world move, under some, maybe mystic, influence, far enough to have the right to ask that question."

No other man in America but Morris L. Ernst could have written such a book as **THE FIRST FREEDOM** and treated the subject as well. He has been the advocate and defender of this freedom and the attorney for those who have fought under its flag. I am not able to follow him to all his conclusions but I do welcome the provocative character of his work. We need that right now. Great wealth and vast power concentrated in the media of public expression, controlling newspapers, the radio and pictures, need constant attention from the people themselves. The power itself is a temptation that few have been able to completely resist. Read this book with a critical mind; disagree with it, for you may and very likely sometimes must, but if you would be an intelligent citizen, read it.

GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR., by James Wellard, is not the final biography of the great soldier but it is a down-to-cases story of his amazing life and all but incomparably brilliant record in World War II. Nothing is withheld of criticism, no facts are deleted and for this we are indebted to the author. This book makes clear the fact that General George S. Patton, Jr. believed that war was a divine event and he had a passionate love for it. Also we learn that there were two slapping incidents instead of one and they are equally regrettable. General Patton must be judged as he was if he is to be given his just dues. He had his ugly moments, his tragically sad lapses; he was a human most human, but as it has been written here, and as I know it from my own firsthand knowledge, he believed in and loved the Infinite Father, even as he revered and worshipped the Only Begotten Son, his Lord and Saviour. It is difficult to admire General Patton as a man, quite impossible to understand him, but he cannot be dismissed. His place in military history is assured. Men who "hated his guts" preferred to serve under him because he seemed to be the favored son of the battle gods to whom victory was never denied.

THE PEOPLES OF THE SOVIET UNION is another book on Russia; friendly, informative and going into many previously neglected details. We have now a fact-crammed description of the 177 groups that make up the Soviet Union. The story fairly takes your breath away. Here is a sentence filled with description: "I think that the best phrase to use in summarizing the Soviet position regarding minorities is to call it racial or ethnic democracy. In this important sphere of human freedom I believe that the Soviet attitude . . . has constituted our ally's greatest non-military contribution toward victory over the Axis."

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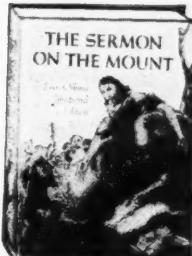
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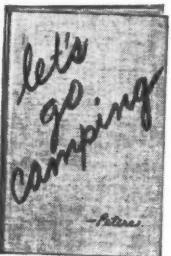
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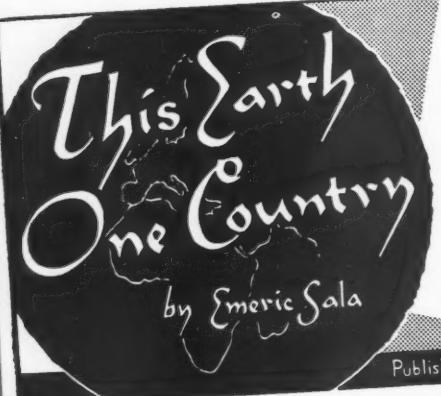


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and women from then until now! The author just about wipes out the traditions. She does not believe—and if you read her book you will find it difficult to believe—that woman was a subject sex, that the world has always been a man's world and that equality is the perfect escape for women from the historic tyranny of men. The survey is exhaustive but not exhausting because it reads easily with cumulative interest. There is bound to be sharp disagreement with some of Mrs. Beard's strictures on women, but sympathetic agreement as well. The writer has a judicial mind. Well worth reading.

It is affirmed that an author is never a competent judge of his own work, and in Franz Werfel's *STAR OF THE UNBORN* is added proof for the affirmation. The publisher states that the late author believed this novel to be "by far his greatest achievement." It is definitely the least of those I have read. The narrator of the story is carried through time and space to our world 100,000 years in the future. He materializes in the presence of an old friend who has been reincarnated. Wearing an out-of-press dress suit, he moves them to a strange society. True to the author's faith, the Catholic Church is one of the two surviving institutions. The still wandering Jew also remains. The most vivid portrayal is the horror of dissolution or dying—a de-evolutionary return to a sort of senile babyhood. All of this of course as of 100,000 years hence. I find the volume appalling. Perhaps it is mentally beyond me—beyond me even more than a hundred thousand years. I prefer to remember "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" and "The Song of Bernadette."

*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.* (Macmillan, 669 pp., \$3.75)

*THE FIRST FREEDOM*, by Morris L. Ernst. (Macmillan, 316 pp., \$3.00)

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*STAR OF THE UNBORN*, by Franz Werfel. (Viking, 645 pp., \$3.00)

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

*THE GREAT DIVORCE*, by C. S. Lewis. (Macmillan, 133 pp., \$1.50) Compressed, dynamic, delightful reading. You will be startled to find yourself taking a one-day literary excursion from Hell to the borderlands of Heaven. Against those who have written of the reconciliation of Heaven and Hell, this author describes brilliantly their inevitable, complete divorce. He is at great pains to decry mediums and all forms of spiritualism, he has no use for Swedenborg or any other realist in the field of his writing and he is most emphatic in locating Henry VIII in Hell! Napoleon also—and others who were called great in their earth time. Certain of the clergy too who conducted discussions in higher criticism rather than "Souls to the Savior."

MAY 1946

"The Great Divorce" is symbolism, though the writer does at times make scenes and people most real. Other books by the same author have had high praise from Roman Catholic sources. I wonder what the Legion of Decency will do with this volume? Some of the finest writing is in the preface—and I think the soundest and most helpful.

**THE GOLDEN WORDS OF MOSES**, by Maynard D. Follin. (Bruce Humphries, 668 pp., \$2.00) Here is a tremendous volume, a scholarly verse-by-verse commentary on the book of Genesis. The author has a sense of mission. He believes that the world must return to the teachings of the Bible. He writes for the intellect in the fields of both spiritual and scientific truth. Completely indexed, the book will be invaluable for ministers or any serious Bible student.

**SOUTHERN HORIZONS**, by William Haynes. (VanNostrand, 316 pp., \$2.75) A first-hand story of the industrial leaders who are building the new South—with the background of materials with which they are working. In these pages is the record of another industrial reconversion in that vast area south of the Ohio and west of the Atlantic to the Rio Grande. The volume is also the conservative rebuttal of the continuing debate with industrial liberalism.

**THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SILENCE**, by Leslie D. Weatherhead. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 238 pp., \$2.00) The latest volume of the distinguished City Temple preacher is designed to meet "the problems of a spiritually bewildered world." Loneliness, grief, doubt, discouragement and fear; these with many other foes of the soul are challenged and overcome by a vivid and dynamic faith. I found "The God of Detail" particularly helpful, and my secretary was enthusiastic about "Time the Deceiver." You will like them all and they will help you.

**THE TRUE WOODROW WILSON**, by Harold Garnet Black. (Fleming H. Revell, 270 pp., \$3.00) A well-rounded, impartial account of a great but "greatly misjudged" American. One finds here more of the real Wilson in a comparatively small volume than I have found elsewhere in comparable space.

**FLASHES ALONG THE BURMA ROAD**, by Harry I. Marshall. (Island Press, 123 pp., \$2.55) With an introduction by E. Stanley Jones, this is a convincing argument to prove that Christian missions really opened Burma.

**IT'S MY TURN**, by Clay Franklin. (Samuel French, 94 pp., \$1.00) A collection of dramatic character sketches it is, but it is something more—it is delightful reading. The author fascinates and charms from his first paragraph.

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with the war effort that they never learned what was going on about them. Some of the nation's top-flight writers have participated in the creation of this book. Jonathan Daniels writes on the Presidency. He does a magnificent job on Roosevelt, the man he knew, whom he served and whom he loved. Lewis Gannett edits "Books"; Dan Parker, "Sports"; Carey McWilliams, "Race Relations". Margaret Mead writes about "Women", and others equally competent deal with many other subjects equally important. But there is one lack that leaves the book lame—an inexcusable omission. How an editor or publisher could have omitted RELIGION is beyond this reviewer's imagination. The omission is at once a tragedy and an offense.

THESE LIVE ON, by Clyde H. Dennis. (Good Books, Inc., 204 pp., \$2.00) Here is an anthology of stories dealing with faith and God and Christian courage under fire in World War II. And good stories they are! But perhaps we're prejudiced, for one of them is entitled, "Psalm of Bataan," a CHRISTIAN HERALD "hit." A book to read, re-read and keep. F. S. M.

JARROLD'S DICTIONARY OF DIFFICULT WORDS, Compiled by Robert H. Hill. (Howell, Soskin, 344 pp., \$2.50) Invaluable! Here are the words you stumble over, listed, explained, defined, clarified. Fills the awful need not covered by the old standard dictionaries. If you write or talk, you need it! F. S. M.

OUT OF THE HELL-BOX, by Irvin St. John Tucker. (Morehouse-Gorham, 179 pp., \$2.00) The author is a Protestant Episcopal who is also a newspaper reporter: this combination gave him material for one of the most enjoyable preacher-books of the generation. It is in spots as rough and blustery as a Chicago wind, in others as tender and beautiful as flowers in an altar-vase. F. S. M.

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS, by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow. (Scribner, 205 pp., \$2.50) This is the play now running on Broadway, dealing with the Negro problem. It is bitter, explosive, brutal. Popular in blase Manhattan, we think it settles nothing. F. S. M.

YANKEE SHIPS IN CHINA SEAS, by Daniel Henderson. (Hastings House, 274 pp., \$3.00) Full of what might have been thrilling stuff on the tea clippers and the other early ships running to China. A dull book on a lively subject. F. S. M.

PASSAGE TO GLORY, by Helen Augur. (Doubleday, 310 pp., \$3.00) Here is a tale of the only American in Captain Cook's last voyage in the South Seas. More than a book of adventure and a record of world travel, it is a romantic novel in factual manner. I think that the author has discovered and perhaps in great measure created, one of the most engaging characters of our early American history.

BATTLE REPORT, by Commander Walter Karig, USNR, with Lieut. Earl Burton, USNR and Lieut. Stephen L. Freeland, USNR. (Rinehart, 558 pp., \$3.50) A magnificent book with pictures,

maps, reports, and a flaming story that is written by the record itself. Prepared by the authors from official sources, it is a worthy addition to the library of the war.

*WHOM THOU SEEkest*, Anonymous. (Macmillan, 229 pp., \$2.00) A reverent book designed for the devotional reading of Roman Catholics. It is also rich in food for the Protestant soul. There is, of course, the inevitable defense of the Church. One wishes that our Protestant writers would do more of this sort of thing as *Protestants*, with the same grace, the same naturalness and the same simple but radiant love.

*NICODEMUS*, by Dorothy Walworth. (Houghton Mifflin, 301 pp., \$2.50) One of the timeliest books and one of the most authentic stories in the field of experimental religion that I have yet read. Here is an author whose realism never needs a defense and who matches her human understanding with a deep sense of the infinite mystery. Every preacher should read this volume even though he is bound to have many a heart-searching if he does. You will not be happy with everything you read but there is a ministry of healing for broken bodies and wounded hearts. Some of the characters have their rugged moments but life is like that and there is never the "nasty deliberate offense" with which so much of modern fiction abounds.

*PAPA WENT TO CONGRESS*, by Kenneth Horan. (Doubleday, 206 pp., \$2.00) An easy reading, rapid tale which is a diary of one who followed Papa to the nation's capital. Those were the horse-and-buggy days and the family all drive around. They went places and saw things and listened to the words of the orators of their day. It will give you a good time.

*WASHINGTON TAPESTRY*, by Olive Ewing Clapper. (Whittlesey House, 303 pp., \$2.75) A delightful book from the pen of Raymond Clapper's wife—Raymond Clapper who was the greatest war correspondent of World War II. Olive Ewing Clapper was his understanding comrade. Now she tells the things that he could not relate. She does it too with her own scintillating pen—intimately and well.

#### THE FAMILY BIBLE

(Continued from page 35)

Cephas left the kitchen hurriedly to speak with Ole. The book agent, sensing trouble, offered to settle for ten dollars cash. Ole with Cephas at his heels returned almost immediately, strode across the kitchen and entered Ole's room, closing the door behind them. In a few moments Cephas appeared and counted into the book agent's outstretched hand ten silver dollars, one by one.

The children had unwrapped the Bible and it lay in all its splendor on the parlor center table. They admired its padded covers, its gilt-edged leaves, gold lettering and huge gold clasp. It was a beautiful book, but almost too big for them to handle or read. "It bane a grand book, Mis' Hartman," Ole said slowly, turning the pages. To Molly, it seemed something of a mockery. (Cont'd next page)

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The book agent drove away in his buggy behind the high-stepping horse; Cephas and Ole returned to the field, and although the Bible now belonged to Molly, she felt defeated. Her heart ached. She was sick at heart and altogether miserable. She blamed Aunt Sarah. She blamed herself. She felt that in some way God had failed her, to have her heart's desire, to possess it, and yet have no joy. The Bible paid for with money borrowed from their hired hand! Oh, the shame of it! Ceph hurt, embarrassed, humiliated. Could all this sorrow and misery come with owning a Holy Bible, family size?

Molly had fried chicken, hot biscuits and apple pie for supper. Ole was more talkative than usual, telling the children of finding a prairie chicken's nest with twenty-three eggs! The climax had been reached. Two weeks of deception and dishonesty were gone, and she had survived. The dread was passed now, and her life was above board, honest, clean, confessed.

"Good pie, Molly," Ceph grinned. "I can use another wedge."

Molly rushed to serve "another wedge" saying as she returned his plate to him, "I tried to make it good and I'm glad you like it."

This admission brought forth a statement from Cephas that brought peace to her troubled soul: "When we get the chores done, and you get your supper work finished, get out the pen and ink and we'll get our records written. I sold the heifer calf to Ole, so the Bible is paid for. It's yours."

Molly's heart jumped for joy. There was no hard feeling between Ceph and her. The Bible was paid for, even if the calf was the sacrifice as in olden times. The Bible was now an accepted fact in the Hartman family. God had not failed her after all.

With lamp lighted, one child holding the ink bottle, the other crowding close, Ceph wrote under "Births":

Cephas Hartman, born January 25, 1811, Washington, Pa.

Mary Elizabeth Campbell, born March 15, 1844, Mercer Co., Pa.

Jane Arzella Rebecca Hartman, born November 24, 1874, Ford Co., Ill.

Frederick Luther Hartman, born March 16, 1877, Ford Co., Ill.

Mollie turned the page and under "Marriage," Cephas recorded their union:

Cephas Hartman and Mary Elizabeth Campbell married at Ford Co., Illinois, February 6, 1872.

Carefully blotting the newly written record, Cephas turned the page over, arriving at "Deaths." He was not a demonstrative person, but the heading on this page made him pause. He laid his pen on the marble-topped table and proudly surveyed his little family. There was an unmistakable mist in his eyes as turning to Molly, he tenderly placed his hand on

hers. "We thank Thee dear Lord, no entry here."

Peace reigned. Mollie's deception was forgiven and forgotten. Ceph's humiliation wasn't even a memory. The Holy Bible—Family Size, twelve dollars, purchased for ten—had become an integral part of the Hartman family life!

#### GRASSROOTS CRUSADER

(Continued from page 20)

he had speaking dates on forty-five nights in succession.

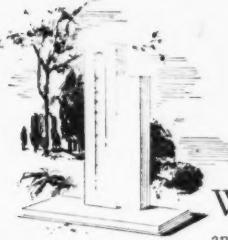
In public speeches, Humber makes no attempt at eloquence. But always his words have the power of intense sincerity and conviction. In Minnesota last spring, when he began his speech to the state Senate, several members pulled out newspapers and began to read. But after a few moments they put down their papers, leaned forward and listened. And when he finished, the members stood and gave him an ovation. They voted thirty-five to eight for his resolution.

Humber will drum up an audience anywhere. If a handful of people are waiting at a filling station he will begin talking world federation to them. Someone asks a question. Humber pounces on it. Perhaps a heated argument develops, heightening the interest. A half dozen, or a dozen, more people have heard about world government, and Humber drives happily on.

The resolution presents no blueprint of world government. Humber believes that educating the public to accept world federation comes first; the details of the plan can be worked out when the nations are ready to sit down together and develop UNO into something based more on law than consent. He has stuck sternly to his policy of arousing sentiment as a groundswell from the people, rather than setting up a national organization. Principally as the result of this back-country campaigning, twenty-eight states now have associations working for world government.

The United Nations Conference at San Francisco last spring blew a trumpeting challenge to Humber to come and find out what officials in other nations were thinking about world federation. He accepted and during eight weeks of intensive interviewing, he talked with delegates of forty of the forty-five nations represented. Most of them, he asserts, preferred a much stronger form of world organization to that set up by the UNO. His notes bristle with quotes similar to this one from a Canadian delegate: "Federation is the ultimate answer. When your Congress is ready, Canada will join."

Humber has received hundreds of queries as to his attitude on the United Nations Charter and UNO. "They do not go far enough," he replies, "but they are a step in the right direction. So we must support them, and keep working for the inevitable next step—world federation. World federation cannot fail. It's an idea whose time has come!"



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# Picture of the Month

Reviewed by  
THE PROTESTANT  
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JUVENILES will yell and stamp their feet: here is Robin Hood, back in all his gay swashbuckling glory, and in addition to the lovable rascal who robbed the tyrant rich to help the persecuted poor, here is Robin's son, too!

The film gets rid of old Robin too quickly; the son takes over in an early sequence and it isn't long before he proves himself quite as agile and hard-hitting as his dad. He not only makes it hard for the rich: he makes history. The immortal Magna Charta is involved; Robin Jr. fights and eventually slays with his swift sword a big-time oppressor who would scrap the famous document and make his little world safe for tyranny. The manner in which he does it gives us the gay-blade historical drama in its best tradition. It is produced by Columbia Pictures.

There is but one scene to which we object—one in which the young hero discovers his love-to-be about to swim in a forest lake. Why the producers insist upon injecting such nonsense and such completely irrelevant material into nine pictures out of ten, is still beyond us. Aside from this, the picture is a thing of perfect beauty. It is done in Technicolor, shot in the great outdoors with the exception of a few scenes in a castle so enormous that only a forest like Sherwood could hold it!

The cast is impressive. Cornel Wilde, who did that smash job as Chopin in "A Song To Remember," plays the lead opposite Anita Louise. We liked Wilde best; his female opposite looked too frail, in her lovely way, for the rigors of bandit life in the woods. The rest of the cast is adequate enough.

You'll like it. There are flashing swords, devil-may-care plunging on horseback, plots, intrigue and rescues enough for a dozen pictures. Not the best Hollywood has done, but still good enough to afford this jaded world an escape from things as they are to a dream-world in which, whether we admit it or not, we would all like to live, if only overnight. You can take the whole family to this one.

## "BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST"

YOU CAN TAKE THE WHOLE FAMILY TO THIS GAY, SWASH-BUCKLING MELODRAMMA. JUVENILES WILL YELL AND STAMP THEIR FEET: HERE IS ROBIN HOOD—DASHING, DARING—AND HIS MERRY CREW OF SHERWOOD FOREST. GO SEE IT AND LINGER FOR AWHILE IN A BRAVE DREAM WORLD.



Robin Hood introduces his strong handsome son and successor (Cornel Wilde) to Friar Tuck and the merry men of Sherwood Forest, in 12th Century England.

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS

#### Audience Suitability

**A**—Adults; **Y**P—Young People; **F**—Family.

• Please read these reviews carefully; they are reviews, not endorsements. The "audience suitability" classification is not a guarantee that the film is without fault; it is merely a guide.

**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.** (20th Cent.-Fox) Romantic drama about a producer of plays on Broadway, his wife and an adopted child. Bill (John Payne) is spoiled by his wife Julie (Maureen O'Hara) and is not too happy about Hitty coming to live with them. Julie soon dies but her spirit comes back when the little family needs her. The whole thing is pretty sentimental and melodramatic. F

**THE VIRGINIAN.** (Paramount) Based on the novel by Owen Wister, this is a glorified Western, in Technicolor. Joel McCrea is splendid as the Virginian. He is faced with the difficult task of dealing out justice to his best friend, an irresponsible, handsome man, who allows himself to be used by a cattle rustler. F

**BECAUSE OF HIM.** (Universal) Here is a picture that is not brain torturing; it is light on the emotions. Recently we have had an abundance of problem and

psychological pictures and it is a nice change to have a film that has no drinking, no ambiguous situations, no triangles, and one that is generally clean fun even if it is a little overdone in places. Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone play the leading roles. Miss Durbin sings three songs. F

**BAD BASCOMB.** (MGM) The time is the late 1860's when bandits terrorized the frontiers. Covered wagons moved westward, stopping now and then to form a barricaded ring as protection against the threatened Indian raids. Federal agents are after an outlaw gang and two of the leaders escape by joining a wagon train of Mormons on their trek westward. One of these is Bad Bascomb (Wallace Beery), who poses as a convert to escape the law. Gradually he is led to really desire the good life by the missionary work of little Margaret O'Brien. F

**PARTNERS IN TIME.** (RKO) Interesting visual presentation of the radio personalities of Lum and Abner. The two men own a general store in Pine Ridge. The story is told by flashbacks to forty years ago when they first went into business. A clean picture with no drinking. Many amusing contrasts and old customs are shown. F

**BURMA VICTORY.** (Warner) A mov-

ing and graphic documentary of the campaign waged by the American, British, Chinese and Indian forces in taking back Burma from the Japanese. One of the best of the war films.

**THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE.** (MGM) In this marital comedy we see the difficulties of those who marry in haste and soon discover how little they really know about each other. Only six hours after Robert Walker, a sailor, meets June Allyson, a hostess in a New York canteen, they are married. Some of the situations are in poor taste.

**BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS.** (20th Cent.-Fox) An interesting detective story which makes good entertainment. The action takes place in police headquarters within one night.

**A LETTER FOR EVIE.** (MGM) The girls employed in a factory making shirts for the army had a way of putting personal letters into the pockets. This often started a correspondence. In this film we have the old story of a little guy who writes beautiful letters but is too shy to use his own name, so he writes in the name of his big handsome buddy and uses his picture. It is all pretty silly but it is amusing and timely with a good cast and fine direction.

**TERROR BY NIGHT.** (Universal) Sherlock Holmes is engaged to protect the Star of Rhodesia, a 425-carat diamond. The action takes place aboard a train for Scotland. The jewel is stolen and the owner's son is killed. Holmes' deductive processes again are successful and the culprit is caught.

#### Second Raters:

**Gun Town.** (Universal) Just another Western and not well done. **F**, **The Well-Groomed Bride.** (Paramount) A silly, empty tale involving a magnum of champagne. **A**, **They Made Me a Killer.** (Paramount) An old plot with very poor acting. **A**, **Adventure.** (MGM) A conspicuous fizzle. **A YP**, **Idea Girl.** (Universal) An insipid story. **A YP**, **The Truth About Murder.** (RKO) Too much unhappiness, drinking, jealousy and murder. **A**, **A Close Call For Boston Blackie.** (Columbia) A mystery that is more comic than suspenseful. **F**

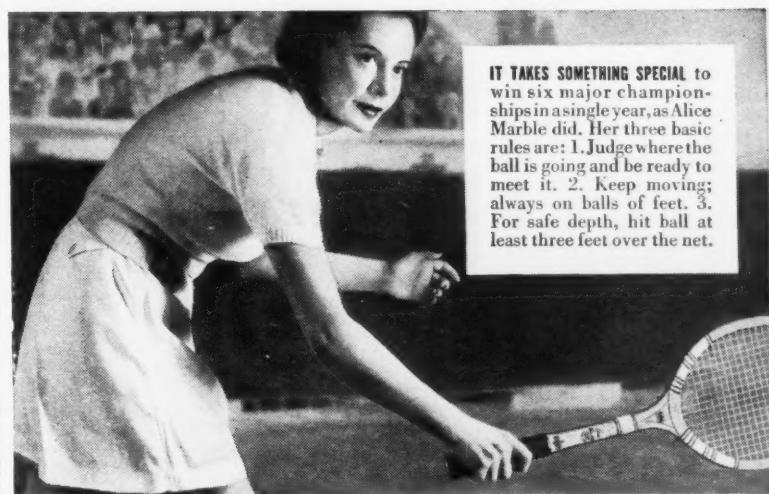
#### Definitely Not Recommended:

**The Blue Dahlia.** (Paramount) A sordid, unpleasant story with excessive drinking. **Bedlam.** (RKO). An overdrawn horror picture. Acting poor. Direction uncertain.

#### Previously Reviewed:

Story of G. I. Joe **F**, **A Bell for Adano** **F**, **Our Vines Have Tender Grapes** **F**, **Pride of the Marines** **A**, **YP**, **Half-way House** **F**, **The House on 92nd Street** **F**, **Girl of the Limberlost** **F**, **The Adventures of Rusty** **F**, **And Then There Were None** **A**, **YP**, **The House I Live In** **F**, **Yolanda and the Thief** **F**, **My Name Is Julia Ross** **A**, **YP**, **Fallen Angel** **A**, **YP**, **They Were Expendable** **A**, **YP**, **Danny Boy** **F**, **A Walk in the Sun** **A**, **YP**, **The Enchanted Forest** **F**, **The Bells of St. Mary's** **F**, **The Harvey Girls** **A**, **YP**, **What Next, Corporal Hargrove?** **F**, **Spellbound** **A**, **Dragonwyck** **F**.

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SOMEONE TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 24)

"Here she is," cried Angela, stretching to kiss her father's cheek lightly. She turned with a flourish. "Presenting Miss Charlotte Mackie."

"How do you do, Mr. Esterbrook?" said Charlotte, advancing into the room.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Mackie." Mr. Esterbrook's hand, the dry, white hand of an invalid, closed over hers. His left hand, Charlotte noticed, kept up a constant, violent trembling, and he quickly thrust it into the pocket of his jacket, as if to hide the weakness.

"Sit down, Dad," said Angela, settling her father again in the big easy chair by the fire. "No use tiring yourself out, even if you have just acquired a beautiful new secretary. Here, Charlotte, let me take your hat and jacket."

"I hope you know something about the rules of composition, Miss Mackie," said Mr. Esterbrook, leaning forward to look at her keenly.

Angela turned at the doorway, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "She doesn't understand a word of English, Dad. Not a word. That's why she applied for the job; she wants to learn." The door slammed behind her, and they could hear her calling, "Mother!"

"Don't mind her," said Mr. Esterbrook, trying without success to keep from smiling. "She's just a rattlebrain. I can't do a thing with her," he added with pride. "Never could."

He must have been a very impressive-looking man, thought Charlotte, before his illness. Even now, shattered as he was (that left hand of his, constantly jerking, somehow wrung her heart), he still had an arresting, powerful look, with his heavy brows and crest of thick gray hair.

"The reason I asked if you know about the rules of composition," he said, leaning back more comfortably in his chair, "is this: You see, since I've been lying around the house, getting over this confounded stroke, I've become sort of interested in—well, in the history of this town."

"The way I look at it," Mr. Esterbrook went on, "Sand Creek is a typical prairie town, settled for the same reasons and in about the same way as all the other little towns in this section. Now if someone were to dig up all the past history of Sand Creek and write it up—nothing fancy, just so it made sense—why, it looks to me as if you'd have something more than just a record of one town. You'd have a record, in a way, of the whole section." Mr. Esterbrook's voice rang imperiously, and he leaned toward Charlotte in an attitude of tense interest.

"I think you have a good idea, Mr. Esterbrook," said Charlotte. "Really I do." This was going to be something different, she thought with pleasure, not the usual humdrum office job.

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The sound of the door opening behind them startled them both. "Here they are," said Angela, "deep in thought. We hate to disturb you, but lunch is going to be spoiled if we don't eat pretty soon, and—Mother, this is Miss Mackie."

Mrs. Esterbrook, who had come into the room with Angela, crossed toward the fire, and Charlotte rose to meet her. "How do you do, Mrs. Esterbrook," she began warmly. Then she caught her hand, half-extended in greeting, just in time. Mrs. Esterbrook, it was obvious, had no intention of shaking hands with her husband's secretary. "How do you do," she said, in a cool, cultivated voice. At her leisure, or so it seemed to Charlotte, she looked this new person over. By the time the inspection was ended, Charlotte was firmly convinced that she had slept in her clothes all night.

Mrs. Esterbrook herself was perfectly poised. It can't be natural, Charlotte thought; she must practice in front of the mirror for hours. She was a small, handsome, compact woman with graying hair cut in a beautifully kept, fashionable swirl. Her expensively tailored dress was exactly the color of her eyes—a light, icy blue.

"Angela, my dear," she said, "take Miss Mackie up to your room. I'm sure she must want to freshen up a bit before lunch."

There, thought Charlotte, now I know my hair is in knots. "Really," she began weakly, "I—"

"We'll be in the dining room when you come down," said Mrs. Esterbrook. She turned decisively to her husband. "Come, Jim, I'll help you."

At LUNCH, Charlotte felt again the chilly, appraising eyes on her. "I suppose you're going to find Sand Creek very different from city life, Miss Mackie."

"I think I'm going to like it very much, Mrs. Esterbrook."

"Indeed."

Even Angela's high spirits were subdued by the pressure of her mother's personality. She kept her eyes fastened on her plate most of the time, now and then throwing a glance of mute sympathy in Charlotte's direction.

Do you suppose all their meals are like this? thought Charlotte. I should think they'd die of indigestion. Ah, here's the coffee; this must be the end. Surprisedly she glanced at her watch. It seemed incredible that they had been sitting here only a half hour.

"If you'll excuse me," said Mr. Esterbrook, preparing to get up, "I'm going back to the library. Seems a little chilly in here. We'll wait till tomorrow morning to start work, Miss Mackie."

"All right," said Charlotte. "What time shall I come?"

"Oh, let's say nine-thirty. You can work up here with me in the morning. Dave may have something for you to do down at the *Courier* office in the afternoon. We'll see." (Cont'd next page)



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"Fine," said Charlotte, "I'll be here at nine-thirty." The sound of her own voice, natural again, warm and hearty, was reassuring. It was a comfort to know that this awful lunch hadn't paralyzed her permanently.

Mrs. Esterbrook issued another set of directions. "Angela, dear, when you get your father settled, you might show Miss Mackie around the grounds. Then I expect you'd better take her down to Mrs. Jessop's. She's probably anxious to unpack." After all, her tone seemed to imply, I've done my duty by this little secretary. I've fed her; I've impressed her sufficiently; I can now wash my hands of her with a safe conscience.

"WELL, THERE are the grounds," said Angela as they stepped off the porch together a few minutes later. "Come on, let's go around back and look at Mr. Oleson's onions. Mr. Oleson's our gardener, and, if I don't look at his garden at least once a day, his feelings are deeply wounded."

Mr. Oleson, a bent little man with watery eyes, was weeding the rows of young green peas in his garden. He straightened up, wiped gnarled hands on his overalls, and shook hands with Charlotte solemnly.

Angela bent down and pulled an onion experimentally. "Oh, look, Mr. Oleson, they're getting just right."

"May I pick one?" asked Charlotte shyly. The request sent Mr. Oleson and Angela into waves of laughter.

"Sure," said Mr. Oleson, still chuckling, "pick one. Pick all you want. Come here, Miss Angela, in the tool shed. I want to show you. I got something here, something to fix the potato bugs."

Alone for the moment, Charlotte bent down. Carefully, her lower lip caught between her teeth, she pulled her first onion. The tender green tops gave under her hand; out came the pearly little onion, bits of dark soil clinging to its roots.

Then she looked up, startled, to see a young man watching her with grave interest. "Each individual onion," he remarked in the tone of a radio announcer, "is pulled with the most loving care. No rude yanks to frighten the delicate little creatures and spoil their flavor." He broke off and smiled at her. "Hello," he said; "who are you?"

Charlotte brushed a lock of hair out of her eyes with the back of her hand. For some reason, probably from stooping over the onions, she felt a little dizzy. "I'm—I'm Charlotte Mackie," she said. "Mr. Esterbrook's secretary. Who are you?"

She and the young man stood still for a moment, looking at each other. The sun shone full on his straight dark hair, cut very short, and on his thin, rangy shoulders. Charlotte's thoughts seemed to break, like quicksilver, into a dozen shining drops: He's got gray eyes, a fleck of brown in one.... He's got a tiny little

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car on his chin. . . . He isn't as tall as you think, at first. . . . I know his face; I know it by heart.

The young man drew a long breath. "I'm Dave Gardiner," he said. "I work for Mr. Esterbrook too—down at the Courier. I—I was looking for Angela."

SUPPER at Mrs. Jessop's, Charlotte found, was blessedly nothing like lunch in the Esterbrook household. Mrs. Jessop, from her place at the head of the big, oval table, saw to it that everybody "made out their supper." The minute any of the platters of delicious food was empty she whisked out to the kitchen with it and came back with another supply.

Charlotte sat next to Mr. Shaw, a precise, very dignified old man who drew a chair for her gallantly and opened the conversation by saying in a dry, legal-sounding voice, "I trust you will find your sojourn in the Middle West a pleasant one, Miss Mackie."

Mrs. Gilroy and Miss Craig had a regular barrage of questions. What did she think of the Esterbrook place? How had Mr. Esterbrook been feeling today? They supposed (this in a delicate, tentative tone) that most of Charlotte's work would be done out at the house? Or would she be at the *Courier* office? Charlotte gave pleasant, vague replies, for Angela had warned her: "If you want everyone in town to know all your business, just tell Miss Craig or Mrs. Gilroy, either one. Sand Creek's Broadcasting Station, Incorporated."

In the middle of the meal there was the sound of a car door slamming outside and quick steps across the porch. "That's Irene now," said Mrs. Jessop on her way to the kitchen. "I'm keeping her plate hot for her out here."

Irene Kerski, in a beauty operator's uniform of crumpled green, burst in with a big warm smile for everyone. "Hi, there, Mrs. Gilroy. Hi, Phoebe. You're Miss Mackie, I guess. Pleased to meet you. Hello, Pop, how's the boy tonight?"

She can't mean anyone but old Mr. Shaw, thought Charlotte, appalled, and turned to see what effect this flippancy would have on the stiff, polite old man, with his neatly trimmed gray beard. She was amazed to see that old Mr. Shaw was beaming with pleasure.

"I thought I'd never get away from Loretta Johnson." Irene sank down into her place with a sigh. "Yum, Mrs. Jessop, biscuits. Do I love 'em! Loretta had a permanent, you know, her first one. And it was fuss, fuss, fuss. Well, finally I said to her: 'There it is, Loretta, take it or leave it. I'm going home to supper.'"

Irene, Charlotte could see, was certainly not the fussy type herself. Her heavy, dark hair was twisted up in a careless knot at the back of her neck. Most of the bright-red polish on her fingernails had chipped off in the course of the day, and her uniform was ripped

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out at the shoulder seam. But her broad Polish face glowed with vitality; her speech, slightly accented, was warm and deep; and her big, generous mouth was constantly breaking into its flashing smile.

As soon as supper was over, Irene sprang up and patted old Mr. Shaw's bald head lightly. "Come on, Pop, get your glad rags; we're going to take a little ride. Wouldn't you like to come too, Miss Mackie? Plenty of room for three in my car."

"We'll be delighted to show you Sand Creek's points of interest," said old Mr. Shaw. His withered face had flushed with pleasure at Irene's invitation.

"I'd love to," said Charlotte.

THAT NIGHT, Charlotte wrote a long letter to Betty:

"I'm staying at Miss Kate's house," she wrote, "and I'm going to love it. You know what the house is like. It's been built onto, from time to time, so much that every room seems like an afterthought. It's full of unexpected steps between rooms and odd little nooks and passageways. And yet it all seems to fit together delightfully. It's just the way Miss Kate left it, and everyone talks about her so much that I catch myself thinking she's just gone away on a visit and will be back almost any minute.

"She must have been wonderful, Betty. The park, and the Community Church, and the new schoolhouse—it seems as if Miss Kate started everything in town that was worth starting. And then I keep hearing about all her private good deeds—to individuals, I mean. Irene Kemski (Did you know her? I think she's swell) was telling me tonight that Miss Kate lent her the money to learn beauty operating, helped to set her up in business here, and acted as sort of unofficial press agent all over the county for Irene's shop.

"Mrs. Jessop, of course, talks about Miss Kate constantly. She's a crusty little old thing, scared to death that people are going to find out how softhearted she really is. I think she's taken a shine to me, for she's already threatened to put pink crocheted edgings on all my slips and nightgowns! 'I like to see a girl's things fixed up nice,' she said. Oh me!

"I haven't quite made up my mind about Mr. Esterbrook. I'll know more tomorrow after a day's work with him. Anyway, I think his idea of a history of Sand Creek is grand. Angela, of course, is a honey, though I don't see how she can be, considering that mother of hers. Bet, darling, why didn't you warn me about Mrs. Esterbrook? That luncheon of hers is going to haunt me; for weeks I'm going to wake up screaming. I think Angela's worried about something, but I don't know just what. Her father, I suppose, and probably her mother gives her the jitters. She certainly would me."

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At this point Charlotte's pen, which had been hurrying across the paper, slowed down. After a moment of thought she went on, "I've also met Mr. Esterbrook's two right-hand men—Ed Fletcher, of the lumberyard, and David Gardiner, of the *Courier*." She wrote the last words very carefully.

It was ridiculous, really, but she didn't know how to go on. She could describe Ed Fletcher, of course—a stocky, red-haired young man who had driven up in his truck with some papers for Mr. Esterbrook to sign. Angela had hailed him as he left the house. "Hey, Ed! Come on out here and meet Sand Creek's new glamour girl!"

Charlotte could tell how Ed had impressed her—as being a nice, blunt person with an infectious grin. But if she did that, if she went into detail about all the rest of the afternoon, then she would have to go into detail about David Gardiner, too. She couldn't just dismiss him with a line—David Gardiner, of the *Courier*. That would be too odd; it would make Betty suspicious.

What was there to say about Dave? Everything—and nothing. Just that strange, dazed moment when they had first looked at each other over Mr. Olson's row of onions. Just the way Dave had said, when he left, "Good-by for now."

It was nothing, Charlotte told herself. I was just excited, keyed up over getting here, and that made everything seem significant. It was less than nothing—definitely—because in the first place Dave was Angela's property. Mrs. Esterbrook, even more than Angela, had made that point clear. Why, Angela's mother had been human, actually cordial, to Dave! Charlotte remembered the familiar, possessive way she had laid her hand on his arm as they were leaving for Mrs. Jessop's. "Don't forget, Dave, this is your night to have dinner with us. I'll be expecting you and Angela in a half hour."

"Yes, Mrs. Esterbrook," Dave had said meekly. "Thank you."

There had been something strained about that moment Charlotte thought, with Angela flashing an inscrutable look at Dave through her lashes, and Dave seeming to draw away unconsciously from the touch of Mrs. Esterbrook's hand.

It wasn't that Angela and Dave didn't like each other. Anyone could see that they did, immensely. But their attitude toward each other was matter-of-fact, almost man-to-man. It hadn't any of the deep undertones, the magic of that first long moment when Charlotte and he had met.

I won't think about it any more, Charlotte told herself firmly. I like Angela, and I like Dave, and I'll say so to Betty. Then I'll go to bed and get some sleep, and tomorrow I'll be over this hysterical attack. Both feet on the ground again. My sensible, secretarial self.

(To be continued)

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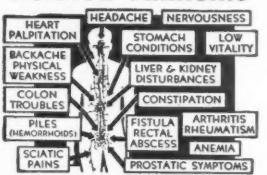
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### THE CHURCH UPSTAIRS

(Continued from page 17)

morning newspaper, with some horrible pictures of human bodies piled up in German prison camps, and showing the marks of suffering beastliness, which they had received at the hands of their sadistic conquerors. For a few moments our shiny porter literally sobbed, then he said to me, "Chaplain, Oh Chaplain, if the world has come to this then may God have mercy on all of us."

Yet God knows that race hatred, and class prejudice, and narrow nationalism, and moral decadence are the evils which make for war, with its prison camps, and man's inhumanity to man. Never have I realized the power of the Gospel to unite people in the common cause of faith and love so strongly as when I was asked to represent the Army and our

clergy in a Memorial Service

held in the Japanese-METHODIST Church in Denver. The service was in memory of some splendid and heroic American soldiers killed in the campaign. These young men

members of this Christian fellowship

and as I shared with the Japanese

sisters in the service, and looked out

over the audience of Japanese Christians

realized that we were meeting together

in Christ's Name as friends and brothers,

and not as enemies. I knew in my heart

that I did not hate them. Instead, I was

sharing wholeheartedly with them in

their faith and in their tears.

No other power in the world could have brought us together in this manner except our common faith in Christ, our realization of the truth that God is our common Heavenly Father. The "Church Upstairs," our post-war church, must have the shepherd heart, if it is to represent the Eternal Shepherd who is ever seeking for the lost sheep of our poor, hungry, and suffering humanity. Whether in international life, or community life, or personal life, we must teach and live the truth that God cares, and ever offers His healing Grace for the curing of our many ills.

Recently a soldier came to see me who had gotten into serious trouble. His personal life was all mixed up, and he was sick of mind and soul. In full confession he told me the whole sordid story. Then I told him very frankly that I had never in my life seen anyone find happiness by doing what was wrong. I told him that there was only one way out of the dark, which was for him to turn to God, to seek for His forgiveness and help, then take the simple path of duty and responsibility to his family which he had rejected. Finally I suggested that we kneel together and pray. Placing my arm around his shoulders, I prayed a warm-hearted and earnest prayer for him and for his family. But when I asked him to pray, he said that he did not know how. I told him just to talk to God in his own words. The way he responded, and

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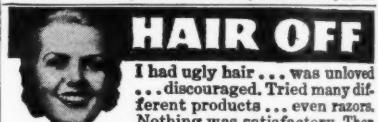
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the sincerity with which he prayed a single sentence, I shall never forget. His prayer was this, "O God, forgive me, and help me."

Surely the Good Shepherd heard this prayer, and as this soldier turned away from my office with eyes full of tears, I had the feeling that he had gotten closer to God than he ever had before in his life. Some time ago I spoke to a church audience in my home church. There was present a splendid young woman in the Spar uniform, who had been the leader of our young people's department before the war. When I got back to my Base, there came to me a beautiful poem which she had written, and which I offer as a closing thought. (*The poem appears on page 17.—Editor.*)

#### THEY WORSHIP IN SILENCE (Continued from page 21)

The success of St. Ann's led to the formation, in 1872, of the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, so that the work could be extended to the deaf in other cities. Missions in principal cities of the East were founded and the work has grown since then, until now seventeen deaf clergymen devote their entire time to it, and a recent report states that over 8,000 people are reached by the parent society in New York City and the immediate vicinity, alone.

The value of this mission to the deaf, socially and spiritually, can scarcely be overestimated. Shut away as they are from so many normal activities and denied the comfort and inspiration of the regular church service, they find a peculiar satisfaction in this beautiful silent service, which is one in which they can participate.

Speakers who have addressed these people by the spoken word, have observed the unusual responsiveness and sympathetic attention which is greater than in the normal audience. This is mainly due, of course, to the necessity of watching the speaker closely—of seeing instead of merely listening. In the utter silence of their own service, it is very marked, so much more apparent than in the ordinary church congregation, and is undoubtedly of great satisfaction to the speakers.

Even those of us who cannot understand the sign language—we who can speak and hear—can still enjoy the quiet dignity and peace of this unusual service. It offers a real blessing and is conducive to contemplation and concentration: one cannot help but feel that it could be employed with gratifying results more generally by all denominations in their services as an aid to a more spiritual and reverent atmosphere.

The service at St. Ann's, designed to appeal to the eye rather than the ear, is certainly very impressive and lovely, and here, in one of those romantic, fascinating spots that one comes across with delight in New York, a very great work is being accomplished.



dren the feeling of security they so much need. The buildings are being repaired, new roofs to cover them against the weather are being constructed and everything that our money



## Knocking At Our Door

**M**R. TALBOT writes "children are knocking at our door, adults have brought them there and left them, knowing that we could not refuse the children but might refuse the adults."

Homeless children brought to the door of our orphanage and left there. We have to decide whether they are to be taken in or turned away—we have to decide whether we will give these children a home in our Christian orphanage or turn them away from our doors, not knowing where they will go for food and shelter. That is the situation facing your Mission in China today.

During the war years Christian Herald's Orphans were taken up into the hills for safety against their enemies. They have returned to Foochow to find the place they called home badly damaged and looted but at least offering some protection against the winter cold. Their teachers and friends, the only parents they know, are with them and their love and care gives the chil-

can buy is being done. There is very little money and China has inflation so only the most necessary jobs can be done now.

Our missionaries have never failed the children of China, nor you whom they represent. We must not fail them nor the children now. Christianity has come to China to stay. The children who come to our door can be the apostles of Christianity. Or they can hate everything we represent. Which shall it be?

Let your contribution answer that question—let us as Christians practice our preachings.

---

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# After All!

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### Definition

Flattery is soft soap, and soft soap is 90 percent lye.

—Christian Leader.

### No Secret

"Is it possible for a man to make a fool of himself without knowing it?"

"Not if he has a wife."

—Pathfinder.

### Down is Up

Harry—What grows up as it grows down?

Jerry—I give up.

Harry—A duck!

—Lookout.

### Butcher Meats Customer

Lady: "Have you any choice pork?"

Butcher: "Have we got choice pork? Why, lady, our pork makes better chicken salad than any veal you can buy!"

—McCall Spirit

### Ice Suppose Sol

"What's the hardest thing about learning to skate?"

"The ice, when you come right down to it."

—Exchange.

### What Watt?

Sailor: "Have you any four-volt, two-watt bulbs?"

Medical supply clerk: "For what?"

Sailor: "No, two."

Clerk: "Two what?"

Sailor: "Yeah."

—Link.

### About Time

Her Father—"What? she's consented to marry you? Young man, you're the second happiest man in the world!"

—Telephone Topics.

### Women's Viewpoint

Alice: "My husband is an efficiency expert."

Corinne: "What does an efficiency expert do?"

Alice: "Well, if we women did it, they'd call it nagging."

—Carbon Copy.

### 'Snow Joke

She—Do you have reindeer in Canada?

He (after a hushed moment)—No, darling, we have snow.

—Selected.

### '46 Model?

Visitor—"What make is your nephew's new car?"

Old Lady (rather vague about such things)—"I think I heard him say it was a wow."

—Humorist.

### Long & Short of It

"I would like to know how long girls should be courted?"

"The same way as short ones."

—Pathfinder.

### Soap Saver

Small boy (who has been sent upstairs, to wash his face): "Mummy, are your ears part of your face or part of your neck?"

—Watchword.

### Merely Fatal

"Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Well, yes, if it's not too severe."

—Pathfinder.

### Revised

Joe: "I can truly say I am a self-made man."

Jack: "You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and four daughters."

—Carbon Copy.

### Working His Way Through College

Professor: "You, in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well, let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charlie?"

"I dunno."

"Well, then, perhaps you can tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't? I assigned that stuff last Friday. Where were you?"

"I was out taking the day off with some friends."

"Oh, you were, were you? Do you expect to pass this course?"

"Well, I don't suppose so, Mister. I just come in to fix the radiator."

—Junior Scholastic.

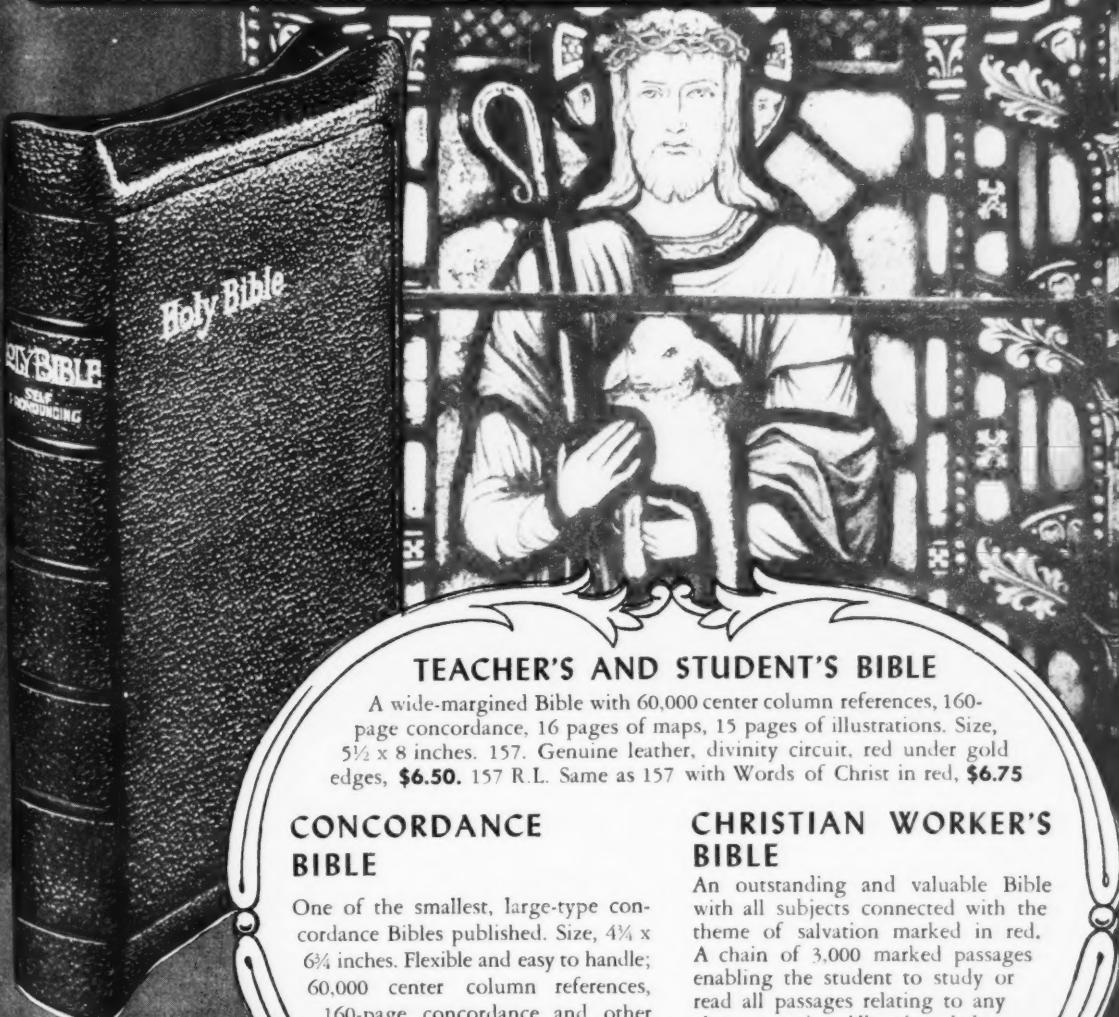


—Southern Collegian.

"I don't want to learn how  
to hoot—I scare myself!"

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